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American and Original.

The Knickerbocker Magazine,

For 1857.

THE FIFTIETH Volume of THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE will commence with the number for JULY 1857; and it is the intention of the Publisher to make great additions to the literary merits of the work.

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We have also several highly-accomplished Lady Contributors, whose favors will grace our pages regularly, and whose names we would be glad to publish, if we were permitted to do so.

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A N E A S T E R N B E T R O T H A L .

BY JOHN P. BROWN, CONSTANTINOPLE.

In the East the rule is, that when a man marries he should make his wife a present. This nuptial gift is also to be renewed in the event of his repudiation of her, or on the decease of one of the parties. The first, a prize gift, is called in the Arabic tongue, (the legal language of all Mussulmen people,) *Mihir-muâdjel*, and the later gift, the *Mihir-muâdjel*, and both may be composed of money, jewelry, or any other objects. This rule or principle, is thus motived: 'That Bebjim requires this sacrifice on the part of the husband, to render all the more legitimate the enjoyment of the married state, and his rights over the person of his wife.' This gift is either the result of a positive contract or stipulation between the parties, or is based upon a custom or usage. The one depends upon the generosity of the husband, or the contract which he makes, but in either case it must amount to at least ten talents; the other, if there be no stipulation, is governed by the birth, age, fortune, and the condition of the woman. She acquires a legitimate right to this gift immediately after the consummation of the marriage, or after meeting her husband in private, or in the event of the death of one of the parties without its having been consummated.

The plain narrative of this rule is, that when a man betroths himself to a young lady, he evinces the extent of the ardor of his passion by the amount of the presents which he offers her; and that he is bound to agree upon another gift in her favor in the event of his divorcing her, or of his death occurring before her own. This serves often to prevent divorces among a people rather fond of a variety, even in the shape of wives, and secures the wife something in case of his death. It is not shown in the Mussulman work, now consulted, how the latter is secured to the survivor: for as it is not said that he places a certain sum

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in 'the bank,' or any other place for that purpose, there is always room left to imagine that he may have spent all of his worldly funds previous to his death; so that she would be subjected to the contingency of finding her coffer empty, after seeing her lord consigned to his latter abode.

Sultan Abdul Mejid, though the legal possessor of a numerous household, composed of slaves of both colors, and the three genders, has not one legal wife. Like all other Mussulmen, (for his hereditary rank of the political Sovereign and religious Caliph of his people gives him no right or privilege over any other follower of Islamism,) he can possess and enjoy as many slaves as he can purchase, while his exalted rank prevents his entering into marriage with the daughters of any of his subjects. Thus he is the son of a slave mother, and all of his children are like their father in this respect. The precise number of his famed female slaves is not known to the 'public,' at least to the uninitiated part of that portion of his subjects; and some persons even suppose that the fact is probably not known with any degree of certainty even to himself. Though in the enjoyment of unlimited power, at least over the female part of his palace, if rumor be correct, he is nevertheless exposed to quite as much trouble in his family as less elevated individuals are in other countries. If he shows an extraordinary degree of partiality to one of his favorite slaves, there is apt to be strife among the others, and the favorite has rather a 'hard time of it.' It has even occurred that she falls ill, rather unexpectedly, and her sudden decease is hushed up by the 'faculty,' who have difficulty in ascertaining the precise nature of her malady. The usual expedient is resorted to in such cases, and the matter is laid at the feet of *Kismet*, or 'Fate,' or as the coroners have it elsewhere, to 'causes unknown.'

It may here be related that the Sultan, who is said to be a sovereign of an 'excellent heart,' (which perhaps is an apology for the probable want of a *head*;) just now has a weakness for a Circassian lady, named *Atieh*. It is to be regretted that nothing more is known of her parentage, at least to the 'public;' and it may even be a matter of doubt whether she knows it herself. It is also believed that the Circassians have no family names; and as the name of this lady is *Atieh*, an Arabic word, meaning 'gift,' it is certain that she has been re-named after her arrival at Constantinople. He is said to be passionately fond of her, and that her influence over him is so great, as to be permitted by him to live out of the Palace (or, as others might call it, the Seraglio, and Harem) in a building set apart for her own residence only. She is very fond of seeing Franks, and has a decided taste for music. She has a carriage, of a yellow color, with a pair of fine bays, and a goodly number of gentlemen to attend and escort her, of a black color. Thus equipped, she may be seen daily driving through the city of Stamboul proper; particularly in the Bazaar, or Khyèt Haneh, or the European 'Sweet Waters,' the Maslek, or even at the 'Grand Champ' of Hera, of Sunday afternoons, where said Franks abound, and a band is played in the little *café* which overhangs the hill whence so magnificent a view is enjoyed of the Bosphorus and the Sultan's new palace of Dalma Baktché. A short time since she had this band of music frequently to

play for her in her own residence, just beyond the new Military Academy, at a place which has lately sprung into existence, and bears the name of the Sultan, Majidieh. Soon afterward one of the musicians, a likely young man, of twenty-five, had the indiscretion to wear a diamond ring, which he received from her in token of her satisfaction with his talents and abilities; and one day, as he was seated as usual at the *Cafeh* playing with his companions for the public, a Croat fired a pistol at him. By some extraordinary good luck he was not struck; but leaving the *Cafeh* rather soon after the occurrence, he has not been heard of since. Not long afterward a young American was also set upon by two Croats of Dolma Baktcha on the Bosphorus, and though he defended himself manfully, he was killed by a stab in the back. His death, it is said, was connected with the tastes of the Sultan's favorite slave, for reasons which cannot here be given; but it is a matter of surprise that the Sultan does not hear of these occurrences, and the fair Circassian become acquainted with the waters of the Bosphorus. The Sultan, however, as already stated, has an 'excellent heart.'

To return from the preceding digression to the 'object of the present writing,' by a 'Hatti Humayun,' or Imperial Rescript of the Sultan, on the twenty-second of February, 1854, made known to Edhem Pacha, a General of Brigade, and son of Mehemet Ali Pacha, the Capudan Pacha, a Minister of Marine, and brother-in-law of the Sultan; to Mahmoud Jelal ed Din Pacha, also a General of Brigade, and son of Almud Fethi Pacha, General-in-Chief of Ordnance, and also a brother-in-law of the Sultan, (his wife now deceased;) and to El Hami Pacha, a General of Division, (all of whose military services are supposed to be equivalent to those of certain militia generals,) son of Abbas Pacha, the present Pacha (Viceroy) of Egypt, that he had graciously deigned to choose them to be his future sons-in-law, and that they were to marry his well-beloved daughters, Refieh Sultan, Jemileh Sultan, and Munireh Sultan. The Sultan also appointed Thursday, the twenty-third of April, for the drawing up of the contract of marriage between the parties. This ceremony occurred at the time prescribed, in the 'Old Seraglio,' or palace of Tap Capon, in the city proper, where all of the Ministers of State were assembled to witness it.

The young gentlemen thus selected by the Sultan are of the ages of eighteen, twenty-four, and twenty-six; and the young ladies are eleven-and-a-half, twelve-and-a-half, and fourteen years old. The former were all elevated by the Sultan to the rank of Muchir, or 'Councillü,' the highest in the Ottoman Government. Mussulman law (religious, for there is none other) requires that the females should, in person, declare their will and intentions respecting their acceptance of their intended husbands. As they could not, according to the Mussulman usage, exhibit themselves before the males, the chief eunuch of their father's harem, a likely young man of color, was appointed to represent and act for them. For this purpose he escorted them in state on Thursday, from their father's palace, along the shores of the Bosphorus, across the Golden Harem to the 'Old Seraglio,' attended by some fifty or more other eunuchs, old and young, all mounted on rich and gayly capari-

soned horses. Arrived at the Seraglio, which is a kind of Turkish Kremlin, they took possession of the apartments prepared for them, and waited the expected visit of the Sheik ul Islam, who on this occasion acted as simple Imaâm, or Caodi, for the princesses, and their representative, the aforesaid eunuch. Both approached the door of the apartment which they occupied, and in the hearing of the Sheik ul Islam, the eunuch told them of the propositions of the three suitors, and asked to be informed of their intentions. Having received an expression of their consent, he turned to the Sheik ul Islam, and declared it to him, though doubtless, he already had heard them declare it. The two then proceeded to the great hall of the old palace, where all of the Sultan's ministers sat in state, the Grand Vizir, Rechid Pacha, presiding, as the representatives of the three aspirants to the hands of the princesses.

A report is in circulation that when the eunuch who represented the princesses entered the Council Chamber, by some accident the Master of Ceremonies of the Court had not announced him, and that his elevated character being unknown to the Ministers, they did not rise to receive him. Darkey had advanced three whole steps in the room before he succeeded in impressing them with the fact of his character; but when his brow beginning to lower and look a shade darker than nature made it, they all sprung to their feet and did him honor. He then stated to the Grand Vizir, Rechid Pacha, that having made known the proposal of the three Pachas, as received through him, their representative, to their Royal Highnesses, they had been graciously pleased to say that they accepted them in case the marriage dower equalled their views. It is a custom of the Ottoman Court that the Sultan's daughters each receive P 1,100,000, or about thirty-five thousand dollars; but when the eunuch was requested to name the sum which he claimed for the three princesses, he stated P 5,000,000. Rechid Pacha declared it was not too much, such would have been dangerous; but, that it was more than the Pachas could give, and after some bargaining it was agreed upon that the sum should be four millions of piasters, being some nine hundred thousand more than is customary, simply because the eunuch, being offended with the want of attention shown to him on his entrance, punished the aggressors by this increase of the sum.

The Sheik ul Islam registered the circumstance that two Mussulmen stood testimony, that Meijan Aga, the eunuch, had been duly appointed proxy of the three girls, whose names have been already given, daughters of Abdul Mejid, son of Mahmoud, and that two other witnesses testified to the fact, that Rechid Pacha had been duly nominated proxy of the aforesaid Pachas, and drew up a document something in the following form:

'Meijan Aga having appeared before me, and declared himself to be the legal proxy of Refieh, daughter of Abdul Mejid, son of Mahmoud, residents in the district of Stamboul, called Dalma Baktcha, and said proxy having sustained this character by the testimony of Ali, son of Mahmoud, and Almed, son of Mustapha, I received his declaration that he betrothed her for an immediate dowry *Mihir Mudjel* of P 8,000,000, and a conditional one, *Mihir Muejel* of P 1,300,000 to Edhem, son of Mehemet Ali; and Edhem, represented by Rechid, son

of Mustapha, having declared the truth and acceptance of the sum, I have written and registered the circumstance, according to the requisites of the Holy Law.'

After the preceding ceremony, the princesses, escorted as before, returned to their father's palace. It was observed that their proxy, the young eunuch, rode before them, with a countenance evincing no ordinary pride and gratification. He reminded us much of Nadel Deen, in Moore's beautiful tale of Lalla Rookh; and, indeed, notwithstanding the difference of locality, and of people, the pride and ostentation connected with the surrounding misery and poverty, there was a striking similarity in the creation of the poet and that of the Sultan.

The marriage presents had all been collected at Top Khaneh, or the Artillery Pareh, situated near the junction of the Bosphorus with the Golden Horn. From that place to the Imperial Palace of Dalma Baktcha, troops were stationed on either side of the way, to keep order among the people, who had collected to the number of certainly not less than fifty thousand. The day was a splendid one, neither hot nor cold, and the number of Turkish females, who had come out to witness the marriage of their sovereign's daughters, was wonderfully great. Seated by the way-side, on their sofas or carpets, in the windows of the houses, on the walls, the sides and summits of the hills, dressed in *feradjehs* or cloaks of many hues, olive, yellow, orange, pink, blue, red, saffron, and purple, and all bearing the same white-colored veil and head-dress, they appeared to represent so many flower-beds, containing flowers of varied hues, and offered a tableaux not to be seen in any other part of the world. It is almost needless to add that the Franks of Pera also were present. For the members of the diplomatic corps, several large pavilions had been erected on an elevated platform, opposite Câbâ Tash, whence they enjoyed an admirable view of the groups opposite, and of the *cortege* which passed by.

At Muedot five o'clock, P.M., the advent of a superior officer of the oplice, and soon afterwards, of the Master of Ceremonies, announced the approach of the procession of the marriage presents. First came a regiment of marines, in red coats, with the fine brass band of the Arsenal; these were followed by fifty palace coaches, containing ladies of the Sultan's harem, who had been to Top Khaneh, to accompany the three trousseaux of his daughters. They were headed by the chief Dame d' Hounem (Khasineh Kihayasse) of the palace, and other of the officials of the Imperial Harem. Soon after these came the presents, the greater part of which were more numerous and showy than costly. First came those of Edhem Pacha, composed of one hundred baskets, covered with gauzes, each containing four vases of sweetmeats. The vases were of Bohemian china, of various kinds, more or less rich, with covers on, and valuing, one with another, from forty to fifty dollars. These vases reposed upon small waiters, or cabarets, and the gauze was elevated some two feet above them, ornamented externally with bouquets and garlands of artificial flowers. Each was carried on the head of a man; some were so heavy that another man on either side of the bearer was required to support and relieve him. The effect of these baskets,

all in a line, seen from the elevated position which we occupied, was beautiful and picturesque. Edhem Pacha's numbered one hundred, a like number Mahmoud Pacha, but El Hami Pacha's were one hundred and twenty-five. Then five larger dishes, covered with peculiarly rich veils and flowers; then followed five of rich rolls of stuffs, apparently for sofas or cushions, three of costly Cachmere shawls, each holding, may be, five or six shawls; one set of silver dishes, with their covers; another contained only a pair of high clogs, such as are used by females in Eastern baths, richly ornamented with jewelry; another pair of slippers, of the ordinary form, such as is seen in the Bazaars of Stamboul; another, several crimson purses, said to contain gold for the pocket-money of the princess, and another costly set of jewelry for the adorning of the head. Finally, came the carriages, (European,) each containing a large crimson box, containing the silks, etc., for the apparel of the princess, contents, however, unknown to the uninitiated. The trousseaux of the two first Pachas seemed very similar in number and value, but that of El Hami Pacha far surpassed them in point of cost. It is reported that a pair of ear-rings, presented by him to the princess, cost him ten millions of piasters; a diamond ring, one million; and an ornament for her hair, another million. He had designed to present her still more costly offerings, but that the Sultan directed him not to do it, lest it should put the other two Pachas to the blush.

All of the objects passed so hastily that the spectators had no time to scan them. The glitter of the jewelry, and the richness of the shawls and silver stuffs, alone attracted the eye, though without offering the means of calculating their value. Each purse, it is said, contained an hundred thousand piasters in gold, and there were five of them. A million of piasters is about thirty thousand dollars at the present date.

After the princesses, with their suites, had passed by, they retired to a suite of rooms in the palace, from which they could witness the *cortege* of the presents, and afterward, each be present to receive and admire them. The many vases of sweetmeats, etc., are perquisites of the various employees of the palace, and have since been distributed to them.

The consummation of the marriage depends upon the Sultan's future permission. A couple of months later, there will be some festivities, on occasion of the circumcision of two of the Sultan's sons, and it is said that the eldest of the three princesses will then be permitted to reside with her husband. The others will have to wait another year or two before meeting their spouses. It is only after these festivities, which, in Turkish, are called '*Dugun*' or '*Sourur*' '*Humayum*' that the marriages are deemed perfected.

Ordinarily, when a Mussulman is married, (in the same manner as has been here imperfectly described,) the festivities are held on the same evening; they even are continued for three or more days; and on that of the marriage contract, at about ten o'clock, the groom gently withdraws from his guests, and retires to the harem, in one apartment of which he finds his wife, and then beholds her for the first time. At

least, such is the theory. He finds her seated, closely veiled, in expectation of his visit ; she rises at his approach, and stands till bade to be seated. An elderly female, whose presence is, of course, quite accidental, brings in a small, rude waiter of sweetmeats, which she serves to the groom, and next to the bride, who, however, is prevented from accepting it, by the circumstance of her being still veiled. On perceiving this difficulty, the anxious lover begs her to remove the cruel veil, and perhaps even hastens to aid in its removal, and his eyes are then blessed with a sight of those charms, which are, of course, ' all his fancy painted them.'

The meeting of the Pacha and his royal bride is, however, believed to be less cordial and familiar. When the Sultan is pleased to allow his daughter to see her husband, she has already been installed in her own palace — one of the many possessed by the Sultan on the Bosphorus — and the Pacha proceeds there to receive her at its portal, which he does among a cloud of other humble slaves. He can only accompany her to the inner door of the Harem, (the palace is all Harem,) whence she proceeds, accompanied only by her sabler attendants, and followed by her bevy of dames and demoiselles of honor, to her own richly-ornamented apartments.

When the princess is ready, and disposed to see and admit to her royal presence the person whom her father and sovereign has chosen for her husband, she deposes her chief eunuch to apprise him of the fact. Love, policy, and may it not be added, curiosity, speed the ardent young Pacha's footsteps. Approaching the portal of her apartments, he makes the youthful bride the usual *temmennâ*, a salutation of the Mussulmans of Constantinople ; he repeats it as he enters her apartments once, twice, or thrice ; then humbly waiting her commands, he stands mutely before her with modest mien, until encouraged by her token to advance, he throws himself at her feet and presses them to his lips.

T H E N A N D N O W .

BY R. A. OAKES.

BUT yesterday, in pensive mood,
I sang a strain of sorrow,
And pressed the dear maid to my heart,
Not thinking of the morrow.

But now I stand with folded hands :
My eyes are blind with weeping :
I cannot see her sweet, fair face,
She lies a-cold and sleeping !

A J U N E S O N G .

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

I.

COOL, dewy hours of tender spring-time beauty
Stole with light footsteps o'er the wakening leaves,
And silent morns with rose-hues tinted faintly,
Faded at night-fall into starry eves.

II.

On the blue mountains in the sunlight dreaming,
To deeper glory grew the golden noon,
Till the young May, to perfect bloom unfolding,
Flushed with full beauty into royal June.

III.

Ah ! queenly June ! the wild, blue waves are calling,
Breaking in music on a silent strand :
Ah ! queenly June ! from skies above us falling,
June ! royal June ! through all the summer-land.

IV.

Ah ! queenly June ! with stately footsteps treading
O'er the glad bosom of the thrilling earth,
Till the green arches of the woodland ringing,
Echo with happy songs of chainless mirth.

V.

See when along the sun-bathed hills she lingers,
Her white brow lifted in her regal pride,
Crushing red roses in her jewelled fingers,
The wind, sweet wooer, murmuring at her side.

VI.

On barren wastes, and desert places lying
Like beggars by the way-side, asking alms,
She scatters gifts of green and golden shining,
And decks the dull gray rock with softest charms.

VII.

Her skies are fair : with what a tranquil beauty
The bend above the twilight's calm repose,
Or through the rifted clouds look pure and tender,
Like God's great pity in our human woes.

VIII.

And O the nights ! in purple darkness folded,
With starlight flooding all the happy air,
Filled with wild dreams, with tones of music haunted,
And flowers, ' like censers, swung in call to prayer.'

IX.

Ah ! queenly June ! the glad blue waves are calling,
Breaking in music on a whitening strand :
Ah ! queenly June ! from skies above us falling,
Thrice welcome, June ! through all the summer-land.

THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

THE midshipman who had the civility, in the last chapter, to show us the way up, was a lad of thirteen — a little bit of a fellow, as tough as a pine knot, and as mischievous as a monkey — who, although he had scarce been a month away from his mother's apron-strings, was as much at home in the ship as if he had been born and bred there. He was already perfectly *au fait* at his duties, and to hear him 'talk rope,' one would have supposed him to be a very 'ancient mariner,' indeed. On this occasion, he tripped jauntily up to the officer of the deck, who was standing in the starboard gangway, and touching his cap, made his report: 'Returned aboard with the launch, Sir!'

'Very good, Mr. Weasel; what do you bring from the yard, Sir?'

'Fifty barrels of bread, the armorer's tools, and a lot of small stores.'

'Nothing else?'

'No, Sir. Oh! yes, Sir; four 'oldsters,' and a regular-built *greenhorn*.' As the young imp pronounced these last words, he gave me a roguish look, at the same time honoring me with a most profound bow. Fearless now informed the officer of our object in coming aboard, whereupon he ordered Mr. Weasel to conduct us to the gun-deck cabin, which the rogue did with the utmost pleasure, as it gave him a chance to 'show *me* up' still farther, by asking me, on our way thither, the names of every thing we came across, which he knew, as well as I did, I was entirely ignorant of.

Captain Blazes was a small, thin, weazen-faced man, who had the reputation of being a prime seaman, a good deal of a martinet, and the greatest talker on this side of the river Jordan. He received us with great politeness, wrote 'reported February second,' on our orders, and after entertaining us a half-hour, or more, with some of the most marvellous stories I ever listened to, dismissed us with the injunction to report ourselves for duty to the First Lieutenant, Mr. Garboard.

Mr. Garboard expressed himself delighted to make our acquaintance, as the ship was much in need of 'young gentlemen,' and gave us until ten o'clock that night to get our traps aboard; so we hurried ashore with all possible dispatch, and went together to the Navy Agent's, to draw our travelling expenses, after which we separated — Fearless and I going to the 'Astor,' and the others to the 'American.'

When we had dined, which was not until six o'clock, Fearless requested me to have the baggage brought down from our room, and to wait for him at the hotel until nine, as he was then going out to make some purchases. At eight, however, Hart came in and told me that he and Fearless were going over to Brooklyn to spend the evening, and would go off to the vessel from there. 'And so, youngster,' said he, 'you had better start at once, and take all the baggage with you; and as it is against the rules for a shore-boat to go alongside a man-of-war at night, you must hail the ship for the '*gig*.''

After a little more conversation, during which he informed me that the 'gig' was a boat specially kept for the service of midshipmen, it being 'a shabby, 'one-horse affair,' like its shore-going namesake,' he initiated me thoroughly in the occult art of *hailing*, and took his leave; upon which I procured a coach and set out without delay. When I reached the Battery I was beset by a crowd of boatmen, all eager for 'a fare,' but I waved them off unceremoniously, and going to the water's edge, hailed, at the top of my voice: 'Shenandoah, ahoy!'

As the night was a remarkably still one, the hail was heard all over the harbor; and in less than a minute came the response: 'Sir?'

'I will thank you to send me the gig!'

'Ay, ay, Sir!'

I had not to wait long before the splash of oars greeted my ears, followed immediately by the order, 'Way enough,' as the gig dashed alongside the pier. The midshipman in charge of her, Mr. Green, who I afterward learned, was the Captain's aid, after assisting me to seat myself, kindly threw a boat-cloak over my shoulders, (while the men took my luggage in forward,) and then asked: 'Shall I shove off, Sir?'

'If you please,' I was about to reply, but no sooner had I uttered the first word than the mid thundered out:

'Why, who the devil are you? and where's the Captain?'

'I am Midshipman Jenkins,' I answered stiffly, not at all fancying his manner of addressing me, 'and as for the Captain, I saw him at the Astor House about four o'clock this afternoon, and have n't laid eyes on him since.'

'And who hailed the ship?'

'Why I did, to be sure!'

'Well, then, Mr. Jenkins,' he ejaculated piously, 'may the Lord, in His infinite goodness, have mercy upon you, for I am quite sure the First Lieutenant will not!'

Now if my very good friend Hart had not cautioned me 'to keep my weather-eye open, as the midshipman of the gig would probably be *up to his tricks*,' I should have felt excessively alarmed at this speech, but as it was, it made no impression upon me whatever, and I boldly replied: 'Let the First Lieutenant fire away!' Whereupon Mr. Green pronounced me 'a little of the damndest, coolest fellow he ever came across,' and immediately pulled aboard.

When we drew near the ship, the sentry hailing 'Boat ahoy!' Mr. Green replied, 'No, no!' which is the proper answer for all officers not commissioned; but I, true to my instructions, bawled out lustily, 'Shenandoah!' Upon which two boys, with lanterns in their hands, rushed frantically over the gangway to illuminate my path, and when, following in Mr. Green's *wake*, I reached the deck, I found four more lantern-bearers stationed at the foot of the inboard gangway ladder, while the First Lieutenant and officers of the deck stood by the fife-rail to receive me.

'Why, Mr. Green, where's the Captain?' exclaimed Mr. Garboard.

'He was not on the wharf, Sir. Mr. Jenkins hailed the ship for the gig, and answered 'Shenandoah' to the sentry's hail!'

By this time I began to smell an exceedingly strong rat, and I fairly

shook in my shoes — for I wore shoes in those days — as Mr. Garboard, seizing a lantern from one of the boys, inspected me narrowly from head to foot, and then cried out in a perfect fury: ‘By Heavens! Bobstay, he’s as sober as I am.’

‘It can’t be possible.’

‘I tell you he is! Damn it, man, I can tell whether a midshipman is drunk or not.’ So saying the irate Luff threw his hat on the ground and stamped on it once or twice, and then, pulling a handful of hair out of his head for each word that he uttered, he promised me faithfully, in a voice choking with anger, ‘to report me to the Captain the next morning, and have me turned out of the service,’ after which he ordered me instantly below, calling out to me as I went, ‘and never do you hail another ship as long as you live!’

The place allotted to the ‘Passed and other midshipmen’ of the ‘Shenandoah’ was on the berth-deck, immediately forward of the ward-room, where the commissioned officers messed, and abaft the rooms of the ‘Forward, or Warrant Officers.’* It was divided into two apartments, called steerages, into the starboard one of which I groped my way by the misty glimmer of a horn lantern, (it being ‘after hours’ the steerage lights were extinguished,) carried by a messenger-boy who preceded me; and my mattress being placed on two chests, which the boy called ‘lockers,’ I turned in forthwith, and notwithstanding the threats of the First Lieutenant, slept soundly, on the same principle, I suppose, that a man condemned to be hung sleeps ‘without rocking’ on the night previous to his execution.

At day-light I was awakened by the lively strains of some half-dozen drums and fifes, beating and *blowing* the *reveille*, together with the piping of a goodly number of ‘calls,’ or sea-whistles, in the hands, or rather the mouths of the Boatswain and his mates, succeeded by their hoarse cry of ‘All hands! up all hammocks!’ Then the master-at-arms and ship’s corporals, carrying rattans in their hands, rushed about the berth-deck exhorting the men to ‘show a leg!’ and ‘lash and carry!’ and accompanying their exhortations with an occasional rap over the quarters of some unlucky individual, whose ‘headway’ they were anxious to ‘freshen.’ By such means was Mr. Catharpen, the boatswain, enabled to make his report to the officers of the deck, ‘Hammocks all up from below, Sir!’ in exactly five minutes from the first sound of his ‘call,’ this being the precise time allowed for the performance of that sacred duty aboard all the ‘fancy’ frigates of that day.

After this came an interval of perfect quiet, lasting, I should say, about a quarter of an hour, followed by the horrid, grating sound of the ‘holystones,’ as they were dragged backward and forward over every part of the well-sanded decks. Next came the ‘wash-down,’ a process by which the sand was thoroughly removed; then the ‘dry up;’ and finally, as I found out afterward, the decks were swept, boats lowered, yards squared, rigging hauled taut and ‘flemished down,’ and bright-work cleaned; all of which work is daily gone through with aboard a *tidy* vessel of war before eight o’clock in the morning.

At half-past seven two of the midshipmen of the watch came into

* The boatswain, gunner, carpenter, and sailmaker.

the steerages, crying out, 'Rouse and bit! rouse and bit! seven bells! seven bells, fellows!' Whereupon the mids 'turned out' at once and commenced dressing themselves, while their hammocks were being lashed up and carried on deck by their 'hammock-boys,' not one of whom, to my surprise, was under forty. These distinguished gentlemen were all excessively stout and wholesome in appearance — well skilled in hauling aft the main sheet, and 'particular death' on bracing up the cross-jack yard — and all, with one exception, belonged to the after-guard, a corps *nonchalant*, so called from their exceeding great modesty preventing their ever getting before any other corps in the ship, in the performance of any duty whatsoever. The 'master's mate of the berth-deck' having had the *bienveillance* to procure for me a hammock from the sailmaker, a lashing from the boatswain, and 'clews' to suspend the former by, from a cross-eyed forecastleman, for and in consideration of the trifling matter of a glass of whiskey, one of the after-guard 'boys' was immediately pressed into my service, (I contracting to pay him one dollar and fifty cents a month for his kindly offices,) and my bedding soon stowed in the starboard quarter-deck netting, alongside that of my mess-mates.

Precisely as the bells struck eight, (eight o'clock,) Mr. Catharpen and his trusty subordinates piped to breakfast, and politely requested the men 'to *clean* themselves in their blue frocks and trowsers, and black hats and shoes.' At the same time Scouse, a colored boy, entered our steerage, carrying in one hand a plate of fried eggs and several loaves of bread, and in the other a huge dish of beefsteak, smothered in onions. The steak and bread he succeeded, after a great deal of fussing, in landing safely on the table, but the eggs some how or another contrived to slide off the plate on the deck. As this, however, was declared to be clean, by the unanimous vote of the mess, Scouse scraped them all up with a spoon and placed them where they came from, saying as he did so, 'De Lor knows, gemmen, dey's jes as good as ever!' and then ran off to the 'galley' for the coffee, while the members of the mess, myself included, drew their 'camp-stools' up to the festive board, and commenced, instantler, 'pegging away.' We were twelve in all, three Passed Midshipmen, and nine middies, and a heartier set of trenchermen, I venture to affirm, never sat down together, even in the good old days of Friar Tuck. Indeed I did not think their equal could be found upon the earth, until, looking over into the port steerage, I saw there a like number of 'officers of the line,' with the captain's clerk in addition, all as hard at it as ourselves. As I gazed at them with distended eyes, I could not help paying an involuntary tribute to the acuteness of that English writer, who attributes our victories during the last war to the fact of our vessels having so many 'over-grown midshipmen aboard.' Certes if the 'Shenandoah' had been manned 'fore and aft' as well as she was *midship*-manned, the devil himself could not have 'carried her.'

At five minutes before nine o'clock the 'call' was 'beat,' as a signal to the quarter-masters to 'stand by their colors,' and at nine the drums 'rolled off' — the ensign and 'long pennant' being hoisted, the bell struck, (two,) and 'all hands' called at the third roll. After this the

men were 'inspected at quarters,' which duty occupied about ten minutes, when the 'retreat' was 'beat,' and officers and seamen dismissed to their several avocations.

As I was seated an hour or so after this on the starboard side of the gun-deck, looking out of the 'bridle port,' Fearless and a former ship-mate of his, Lieutenant Johnson of the marines, came forward and joined me.

'And so you see, Fearless,' said the latter, continuing a discourse which an introduction to me had temporarily suspended, 'Garboard, although as passionate a man as ever lived, and one who, as a matter of conscience, would report his own father for any dereliction of duty, provided *that* father were his *junior* officer, you understand, (for I know not how or why it is, but I have remarked during my naval life that some how or another your very strict and conscientious officer never thinks of taking notice of the offences of his 'superiors') is not a bad fellow at bottom, and his report once made and acted upon, he dismisses it thenceforth forever from his mind. Now to attempt to convince him, without compromising Hart, that our young friend here erred through ignorance, would be time and labor lost; but I think I can manage to bring the *skipper* to reason, as I am somewhat of a 'chicken' of his, having served with him three years in the 'Cataract;' and by the way, to carry out my design, it will be necessary for you to lend me the paper which contains that handsome account of the youngster's father; for Blazes may have been acquainted with him, and if he were not, he'll swear he was, so it will be all the same.' The paper being handed to him, he stowed it away carefully in his cap, and then resumed with: 'I think I told you all about the 'old man's' peculiarities, Fearless, during our last cruise — did I not?'

'I do n't remember your ever mentioning his name even,' Fearless replied.

'Why, is it possible? Well, then, to begin at the beginning, our worthy captain is the most inveterate chatterbox, as you must have observed in your interview with him yesterday, that the world ever produced. A good story is told of him and another captain in the service, of the name of Parsons, who is said to be, though I can scarce believe it, almost the equal of Blazes in colloquial power. The two, it seems, were lieutenants together, on the coast of Africa, in the 'Thunderbum.' Both, in addition to their being the greatest 'cacklers,' were the most unmitigated tobacco-chewers of the age, and so, when it was not their watch on deck, they would sit together, for hours at a time, under the wardroom-windsail, with a spittoon between them, discussing the various topics of the day; and, for their mutual convenience, they adopted the rule, that Blazes, being the senior, should be first entitled to the floor, after breakfast every morning, which he was to keep until his tobacco obliged him to *spit*; then Parsons was to take it until *he* spit, when it became Blazes's turn again, and so on, turn and turn about, until night. They had gone on in this way, very amicably, for more than a year, when one day, the conversation turning on politics, Parsons, who had the floor, and was a warm politician, continued speaking for more than an hour, without cessation; upon which Blazes, losing

all patience, roared out : ' By God, Parsons ! do you *never* intend to spit ? ' Thus adjured, Parsons replied with the most provoking coolness : ' No, I'm *obleeged* to you, Blazes ; *I swallowed that last quid !* ' He had hardly got the words out of his mouth before Blazes — who was the soul of honor on this point, and with whom, as he said himself, his adversary might have chewed in the dark — fainted dead away, from sheer vexation of spirit ; and it was remarked that he never exchanged another word with Parsons from that very hour !

' Beside his ' gift of the gab,' he possesses a most extraordinary inventive genius ; indeed, so great is it, that he can, at a moment's warning, spin a yarn, as tough as sole leather, and as long, as long Tom Coffin. There is one thing to be said of him, however ; with all his propensity for story-telling, I never heard him say aught to the prejudice of his fellow-man. When I was in the ' Cataract ' with him, scarce a day passed that he did not say something to me concerning a gray mare in his possession, of pure Arab stock, which, he protested, was worth a thousand pounds, and had been presented to him by the Bey of Tunis, in recompense for his services, in rescuing the Bey's favorite wife from drowning. Now, although I knew his weakness too well, to believe all the embellishments of this story, still I thought it quite possible it might have its foundation in truth, in so far, at least, as his ownership of an animal of the genus horse, and of the color gray, was involved ; and in this belief, I was further confirmed by his actually buying, at Constantinople, a superb Turkish saddle and bridle for her. Imagine, then, my astonishment when, upon my going to his house, at the expiration of the cruise, to ' try her under the saddle,' at *his own request*, I was met at the door by an antiquated, white-wooled negro, who, in answer to my inquiries, replied, with a grin : ' De Captain's done gone out, and, as to de *mar*, why, dis ere nigger's lived with ole masse Blazes mor 'n twenty yars, and *aint seed nuffin of nary hoss nor mar.* ' Among his other idiosyncracies is that of believing, or affecting to believe, that every man who is brought to the gangway for punishment has been, at some period of his life, a deserter from the army. Now if the offender *vamosed*, without leave, from the infantry or artillery regiments, he may get off with a half-dozen of the ' colt ; ' but the cavalry corps he has taken under his especial protection, and wo betide the unlucky wight who has had the misfortune to desert from it. But hark ! ' said he, as the cry ' All hands witness punishment ' resounded through the ship, ' you will now have an opportunity of judging for yourselves of the correctness of a portion of what I have told you — I must run and get my sword ! ' So saying, Lieutenant Johnson, who, I began to think, was somewhat of a ' cackler ' himself, hurried off with all possible dispatch to the quarter-deck, where Fearless and I, after the lapse of a few minutes, joined him. Here, on the port side, the marines were drawn up under arms, headed by their commanding officer, Major Pipeclay, and on the starboard clustered the officers, over forty in number, armed with swords and cutlasses ; the Captain and First Lieutenant occupying a position abreast of the mainmast, a little in advance of the others. At the gangway stood the boatswain and his mates, with their ' cats ' and ' colts,' the quarter-

masters with their 'seizings,' and the carpenters rigging the 'gratings;' and forward of them, in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the 'main-top sweeper' and on the 'booms,' the crew were huddled together, peering with inquisitive but not at all sympathizing looks, upon the anxious countenances of the 'prisoners,' who, under the supervision of the master-at-arms, were 'toeing a seam,' between the main hatchway and the five-rail. The officers and men being reported on deck, and every thing in readiness for commencing operations, Captain Blazes, casting his eyes over a scrap of paper, which he held in his hand, containing the names of the culprits, called out: 'William Ringbolt!' At this summons Ringbolt, who was a general favorite, and one of the very best men in the ship, (barring his propensity to indulge a little too freely in the 'rosy,') stepped a pace in front of his brothers in adversity, and catching hold of his forelock with the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, he bobbed his head, and made an awkward scrape with his dexter foot, in token of reverence.

'So, Ringbolt, you got drunk at the 'Yard' yesterday. Was he noisy or troublesome, when he came aboard, Mr. Garboard?'

'Not at all, Sir; drunk or sober, he's one of the most respectful men in the ship; and he's a seaman, Captain Blazes, every inch of him.' As the First Lieutenant thus spoke, I observed that Ringbolt gave him a most grateful look, and I felt my own heart warming toward him, notwithstanding his scolding of the previous evening.

'Oh! I know the man very well, Sir!' rejoined the Captain; 'he was a sergeant of Company B, Fifth Infantry; and there *was* a story of his having been absent from his regiment, on one occasion, three weeks, without leave; but I never believed a word of it. Ringbolt, you can go, and do n't let me ever see your face here again.' After this manner he continued investigating the case of each offender in the order in which his name stood upon his list (punishing John Wilson and James Ogden, deserters from the Artillery with nine lashes each of the 'colt') until he came to the last man, one Peter Conway, the greatest rascal that ever went unhung. 'This is the scoundrel, Sir,' said Mr. Garboard, who knocked the master-at-arms down with a 'belaying-pin,' and afterward cursed Mr. Bobstay, when he ordered him to be confined in irons.'

'Step out here, Conway, and let me have a look at you,' cried the Captain; 'I think I have seen your face before!' The culprit obeyed; and Blazes, putting on his spectacles, eyed him narrowly for full five minutes; at the expiration of which, starting back and throwing up his hands, as if in a state of utter astonishment, he exclaimed: 'Why, Mr. Garboard, thirty-five years ago this very day, to my certain knowledge, that villain deserted from the cavalry!'

'That can hardly be, Captain Blazes,' said Conway, in a most disrespectful tone of voice, 'since I am but forty years old.'

At this retort, which to me seemed a *poser*, the Captain, not at all disconcerted, roared out: 'You're an ugly rascal, any how! Strip!' And forthwith he was seized up by the quarter-masters, and a good round dozen with the 'cats' laid upon his back by a boatswain's mate, who, knowing that a man was never punished in the 'Shenandoah,' unless he well de-

served it, made him a present of it with a hearty good will. As the master-at-arms, who noted every lash as it fell, counted 'Twelve,' Captain Blazes cried out: 'Stop there! Let him down!' He then directed Mr. Garboard to 'pipe down,' and went immediately below; upon which, men, officers, and marines, dispersed as speedily as they had assembled. As for myself, I promenaded upon the port side of the 'poop' for a little while, admiring the beautiful bay of New-York, with its myriads of ships and steamers; and then betook myself to the gun-deck, where I saw Johnson engaged in earnest conversation with the 'skipper,' who was eagerly poring over the paper which contained my family history. At the sound of my footsteps the latter looked up and beckoning me toward him, opened with:

'Why, Mr. Jenkins, I find that you are the son of an old friend of mine! God bless me, Sir! I knew your father before you were ever thought of; and I actually served with him in this very battle of Bladensburg, where he lost his leg. Never shall I forget his appearance on that most humiliating day. He was mounted on a superb white charger, which he called Blanco, splendidly caparisoned, and wore top-boots and knee-breeches, a blue coat with white facings, and richly embroidered in gold, and a three-cornered cocked hat, *à la* Napoleon. At the news of the enemy's approach, he rode up and down in front of the army, (which, by his advice, Winder had formed into squares,) in high spirits, and confident of victory. But when the order of battle was changed by the Secretary of State, Mr. Monroe, the men being drawn up three deep, in the form of a semi-circle, he could not contain his indignation, and galloping up to where I stood, leaning against one of the guns of Commodore Barney's battery, he thundered out, loud enough to be heard over the whole field: 'By Heavens, Charley! that damned politician has ruined us!' Mr. Monroe, by the way, never forgave him for this speech, which accounts for the Government not taking notice of him in his retirement. Well, the battle began, and a pretty kettle of fish they made of it, to be sure! At the very first fire, the militia threw down their arms, and fled, like a flock of sheep, only a great deal faster, you may depend upon it, for they were 'minute men,' every soul of them; and in less time than it takes to tell it, your father, Barney, and myself, were left with five hundred seamen and four pieces of artillery, to withstand the shock of the whole British army, thirty thousand strong, at the lowest calculation. That we did our *devoir*, all the world knows; but soon finding ourselves invested on all sides, we spiked the guns, and endeavored to cut our way through the serried ranks that encompassed us; in which endeavor, the Commodore — his horse being shot under him, and he himself wounded — fell into the hands of the enemy. Thereupon, your father swearing a terrible oath, and vowing that he would have a British prisoner of equal rank in his stead, picked me up in his arms as if I were an infant — for he had the strength of a Hercules — and, whispering a few hurried directions in my ear as we went, dashed like an Arab alongside of General Ross, (who, mounted on a blooded stallion, of a bright bay color, was anxiously watching the events of the day from an eminence a little removed from the field of battle,) and, before

one could say Jack Robinson, I was placed behind his Excellency, and had pinioned his arms to his side, while your father, seizing the bridle of his steed, fastened it securely to the bit of his own, and spurred rapidly in the direction of Alexandria. We had got the start, by a good hundred yards, ere the officers of his staff, twelve in number, had sufficiently recovered from their astonishment at this bold act, to give chase to us. They then set about it, however, in good earnest, and, as all were well mounted, and the prize contended for of exceeding great value, it was, perhaps, the most exciting race the world ever witnessed. In one thing we had greatly the advantage. They dared not fire at us lest they should kill their own General, whereas, your father, turning half round in his saddle, would let them have the contents of his pistols whenever they came uncomfortably near. After this fashion he had succeeded in dropping nine of the twelve, when his powder gave out; and, now, the result depended upon speed and bottom alone! Onward we went, at a slapping pace, through tangled woods and ploughed fields, and over ditches and rail fences — old Blanco and the stallion taking their leaps side by side, as steadily as if they had been trained together — until we came in sight of the ‘long bridge’ that crosses the Potomac, just above Alexandria, when thinking our victory no longer doubtful, we gave a shout of triumph that made the welkin ring again. Scarce, however, had its echoes died away upon the breeze, before the animal, whose breech I bestrode, gave unequivocal symptoms of being blown; so, to relieve him of a part of his burden, I slid to the ground, having first secured Ross’s arms with a large bandanna handkerchief, which I passed around them, fastening the two ends of it in a reef-knot behind his back. But vain was this expedient! The jaded beast, after struggling on for a half-mile farther, fell dead in his tracks, and but for your father’s presence of mind in cutting with his sword the reins by which he was led, would have carried the other horse down with him. There was nothing left for it, then, but to ‘go it alone’ and fight like the devil, or to tamely relinquish the spoil. Instantly deciding upon the former alternative, your father wheeled with the rapidity of lightning, and rushing, like another Horatius, upon the nearest of his foes, he discharged a prodigious blow full upon his head with his trusty *toledo*, dividing him into two equal parts, which fell quivering on either side of the saddle, where they hung dangling to the stirrups — a loathsome spectacle — as his horse scoured across the plain. Presto! and he was upon the second! But the helmet of this cavalier was of proof, and, in coming in contact with it, your father’s blade, already weakened, shivered into a thousand pieces. Nothing daunted, he sprang bolt upright on the saddle (for he had been instructed in horsemanship by the ‘*guachos*’ of Buenos Ayres) and balancing himself on his sinister leg, planted the other right in the bread-basket of his adversary. He was about repeating the dose, when the third trooper, spurring to the relief of his distressed comrade, with one sweep of his heavy sabre took the belligerent leg clean off, some distance above the knee. As the vanquished hero tumbled head long to the ground, the victor dismounted and assisted General Ross (who was more frightened than hurt by his horse’s misadventure) into

the saddle of old Blanco. Then, remounting, he pulled a flask of Cognac out of his pocket, and took a long and a 'strong pull at the halliards;' after which the trio rode slowly away; the one who had been kicked, holding both hands over the pit of his stomach, and giving vent to as many long-drawn sighs and bitter lamentations, as did Sancho Panza, after the beating he received from the 'Yangueses.' That evening, as I was taking leave of your father, in a farm-house, whither he had been carried by some charitable persons, he threw his arms about my neck, and, drawing my head down to his pillow, whispered faintly in my ear, (for low as he was, he would have his jest :) 'Charley, do n't forget to have the boot pulled off that dexter leg of mine, for you know, it will be all *right* for the leg that is *left*!' Strange to say, I never met him again until after the war, and then —

Heaven only knows how long my respected commander would have continued to gabble on, had not the First Lieutenant interrupted him at this moment, by requesting 'permission to loose sails,' which being granted, Mr. Garboard profited by the occasion to report me 'for disrespect and insubordination, in daring to hail the ship for the Captain's boat;' but upon the skipper's declaring 'that I was the son of a very old and dear friend of his, and that he would answer for my not *intentionally* doing what was wrong,' he smiled, and good-humoredly congratulated me on 'getting off so easily,' and then bade me tell the officer of the deck 'to loose sails without delay.' After obeying this order, I went immediately below to the steerage, where I narrated, to an admiring audience, all that had transpired on the gun-deck. When I had finished my narration, Hart, who had been in a state of great trepidation, lest his agency in my scrape should become known to Mr. Garboard, shook me warmly by the hand, swearing that 'I was a whole-souled fellow, not to 'peach,' and that he would never play another trick upon me as long as he lived.' It was then voted — there not being a dissenting voice — that the freedom of the steerages should be extended to me; a privilege bestowed upon few, I was informed, 'as it entitled the happy possessor of it to a seat in both messes, *by merely paying a double mess-bill*.' It was farther moved that I should thenceforth be known to all middies as the 'knight of the double rations;' which being resolved upon by general acclamation, the order of knighthood was forthwith conferred upon me by the administration, on the part of the senior midshipman present, of the '*grand Jowleé*,' or, in other words, the placing of his two fore-fingers just behind my ears, and pressing them into the flesh, until I roared out for mercy. It was a ceremony of ancient origin, derived from the Greeks, (according to Weasel,) and much in vogue with the 'reefers' of my day; but has now, I am sorry to say, entirely disappeared from the service. After this, an initiation-fee of twenty-five cents was demanded of me, to be expended in the purchase of corn-juice; and when I had 'forked over,' all the members of both steerages cried, with one voice: 'Long live John Jenkins, knight of the double rations, and may he ever be blessed with the two great *requisites of a Naval Officer* — a *shrill voice and a capacious stomach*!' The assembly then adjourned, *sine die*.

T H E B O A T R I D E .

BY L. J. BATES.

I.

My love and I went sailing:
The breeze blew fair and free:
We floated onward, outward,
Into the silent sea:
The blue waves of the ocean
Laughed low along the shore:
But we did not hear their music,
And we knew not of their roar.

II.

Our boat went dropping, dropping,
She drifted toward the moon:
And o'er the sparkling waters
The light fell fair aboon:
Fell sweetly on the ocean,
And softly on the sand,
But we did not see the waters,
And we did not see the land.

III.

Our boat danced lightly, gayly:
A waif upon the deep,
That tossed us, as a mother
Who rocks her babe asleep:
The tide-waves rippled sweetly,
That bore our bark along:
But we did not feel their motion,
And we did not hear their song.

IV.

And white sails drifted by us,
Great ships from foreign lands,
And tiny boats, that rarely
Had dared to quit the sands;
And groups of merry rowers,
And some who sailed alone:
But we knew not of their presence,
And the sea was all our own.

V.

We did not hear the rowers,
We did not see the sky,
We did not note the vessels
That drifted slowly by:
We knew not of the waters,
We knew not of the shore:
But we saw and heard each other,
And we wanted nothing more!

Madison, (Wis.), June 10th, 1857.

A L C I A T U S . *

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE ROMAN EMPEROR HADRIAN AND EPICTETUS, THE PHILOSOPHER, ABOUT A.D. 110.

TRANSLATED BY HENRY MEIGS.

Hadrian. Let us loose our girdles ! examine our bodies naked, and see what we can gain ?

Epictetus. It is a mere note.

Hadrian. What sort of a note ?

Epictetus. It is a silent messenger.

Hadrian. What is a picture ?

Epictetus. A false truth.

Hadrian. Why do you say that ?

Epictetus. Because we see pictures of apples, flowers, animals done in gold and silver — but these are not true.

Hadrian. What is gold ?

Epictetus. A servant of death.

Hadrian. What is silver ?

Epictetus. The seat of envy.

Hadrian. What is iron ?

Epictetus. The instrument of all arts.

Hadrian. What is a sword ?

Epictetus. The law of camps.

Hadrian. What is a gladiator ?

Epictetus. A lawful homicide.

Hadrian. What people in good health are yet sick ?

Epictetus. Those who meddle with other people's business.

Hadrian. What is a man never tired of ?

Epictetus. Of making money.

Hadrian. What is friendship ?

Epictetus. Concord — agreement.

Hadrian. What is the longest thing ?

Epictetus. Hope.

Hadrian. What is hope ?

Epictetus. A waking dream ! The expectation of a doubtful event.

Hadrian. What is that which a man cannot see ?

Epictetus. Another man's thoughts.

Hadrian. What is the sin of men ?

Epictetus. Covetousness.

Hadrian. What is liberty ?

Epictetus. Innocence !

Hadrian. What is common to all kings and miserable men ?

* NOTES on the Provinces of Rome, in Latin, by ANDREW ALCIATUS, printed at Basle in Switzerland, by FROBEN, in 1552, with the privilege of copy-right for five years. It has numerous coarse wood engravings. It finishes with an argument between the Emperor HADRIAN and the Philosopher EPICTETUS, whose figures are drawn with the beards of 1857, in A.D. 100. We translate it from the Latin.

Epictetus. To be born and to die.

Hadrian. What is best and worst ?

Epictetus. Words.

Hadrian. What is that which pleases some and displeases others ?

Epictetus. Life.

Hadrian. Which is the best life ?

Epictetus. The shortest.

Hadrian. Which is the most certain thing ?

Epictetus. Death.

Hadrian. What is death ?

Epictetus. Perpetual security.

Hadrian. (again.) What is death ?

Epictetus. A condition to be feared by no wise man ; the enemy of all life ; deity of the living ; boundary of all relation ; plunderer of children ; an agreeable last will and testament ; a funeral sermon ; the last tears ; oblivion of the dead ; a burthen for the monument ; and the end of all evils.

Hadrian. Why do we crown the dead ?

Epictetus. As the symbol of his transit from life to death.

Hadrian. Why are the thumbs of the dead together ?

Epictetus. That we may, after his apparent death, know that he is really dead.

Hadrian. What is a corpse-bearer ?

Epictetus. A man whom many avoid and whom none can fly from.

Hadrian. What is a funeral-pile ?

Epictetus. The final payment of debt.

Hadrian. What is a trumpet ?

Epictetus. An incitement to battle ; a camp signal ; a call to the arena, to the theatre and circus ; a mournful note for the funeral.

Hadrian. What is a monument ?

Epictetus. A stigmatized stone ; a speculation for an idle fellow.

Hadrian. Who is a poor man ?

Epictetus. He is like a dry deserted well which every body runs.

Hadrian. What is man ?

Epictetus. He is like a bath : first a warm one ; then oil for him as infant ; then a sweater when he is a boy ; a dry heat when he is a young man ; then a cold bath in old age.

Hadrian. What is man ?

Epictetus. He is like an apple ! which hangs on the tree until it is ripe ; just our bodies fall when mature ! more often while green !

Hadrian. What is man ?

Epictetus. He is like a lamp or candle set in the wind !

Hadrian. What is man ?

Epictetus. He is a guest ; a lawful dream ; a calamity-tale ; Death's real estate ; Life's delay ; a thing which Fortune makes jokes of !

Hadrian. What is Fortune ?

Epictetus. A noble matron, who whips her slaves !

Hadrian. What is Fortune ?

Epictetus. The nearest turning post on the race-ground ; a chance

for another man's goods ; he who has it shows out splendidly ; when it quits him he is left in the dark — no one can see him !

Hadrian. How many sorts of Fortune have we ?

Epictetus. Three : a blind one, hitting none knows how ; a crazy one, which gives and instantly snatches it away again ; third, and last, a deaf one, who can't hear the prayers of poor wretches.

Hadrian. What are the gods ?

Epictetus. Visions ! mental deities ! Are you timid ? then Fear is your god ! Are you able to rule your passions ? then Religion is your god !

Hadrian. What is the sun ?

Epictetus. The splendor of the world ! giving and taking away day ; a clock measuring the hours !

Hadrian. What is the moon ?

Epictetus. A day-helper ; eye of night ; torch of darkness !

Hadrian. What are the heavens ?

Epictetus. An immense dome.

Hadrian. What are the heavens ?

Epictetus. The air of the world.

Hadrian. What are the stars ?

Epictetus. The destinies of men.

Hadrian. What are the stars ?

Epictetus. The boundaries of all government.

Hadrian. What is this earth ?

Epictetus. The barn of Ceres.

Hadrian. What is this earth ?

Epictetus. The storehouse of life.

Hadrian. What is the sea ?

Epictetus. A very uncertain road to travel on.

Hadrian. What is a ship ?

Epictetus. An everywhere hotel.

Hadrian. What is a ship ?

Epictetus. Neptune's church ; an annual packet.

Hadrian. What is a sailor ?

Epictetus. A sea lover ; a land deserter ; a despiser of death and of life too ; a client of the waves.

Hadrian. What is sleep ?

Epictetus. The image of death.

Hadrian. What is night ?

Epictetus. The laborer's rest ; the highwayman's profit.

Hadrian. Why is Venus painted naked ?

Epictetus. All the loves are painted naked as well as Venus, and because naked beauty pleases most ; but it ought not to be done.

Hadrian. Why did Venus marry Vulcan ?

Epictetus. To show how hot love is.

Hadrian. Why was she squint-eyed ?

Epictetus. Because her loves were depraved ones.

Hadrian. What is love ?

Epictetus. The trouble of a peaceful breast ; modesty or shame in a

boy; blushes in a girl; a fury in a woman; ardor in a young man; a joke in old age; a crime in a seducer.

Hadrian. What is God?

Epictetus. He who holds all things in His hands.

Hadrian. What is sacrifice?

Epictetus. A drink-offering.

Hadrian. What is without society?

Epictetus. A kingdom.

Hadrian. What is a kingdom?

Epictetus. A part of the government of gods.

Hadrian. What is Cæsar?

Epictetus. The head of public light.

Hadrian. What is the Senate?

Epictetus. The ornament of the city, and the splendor of its citizens.

Hadrian. What is a soldier?

Epictetus. The wall of the Empire; the glorious servant and defender of the country; the index of power.

Hadrian. What is Rome?

Epictetus. The fountain of the Empire of the world; mother of nations.

This quaint dialogue is the concluding article in the book. Alciatus had it from an unknown author, hid away for ages. The book is given to the American Institute by Alanson Nash, Esq., of New-York, one of the Members of the Institute, on condition of their publishing, in their Annual Transactions, the account and drawings of the Liburna, and of the ships freighted with wheat from Egypt, and the female tribute-bearers of Africa.

SONG SUNG IN 'GOD'S ACRE,'

ON HEARING A WOOD-THRUSH SINGING THERE.

BY 'THE PEASANT BARD.'

THE wind blows fresh from out the west,
The leaves are green and wavy,
For June the maples sweet has drest
So bonnily and bravely.
The herds come lowing to the fold,
For day is in the gloaming:
Unloose, O Care! thy canker hold.
And with the airs be roaming!

All Nature smiles: she may rejoice:
O'er me the clouds seem lying;
A sombre sadness breaks my voice
And turns my song to sighing.

Gill, (Mass.), June 14, 1857.

Oh! were I like yon guileless thrush,
Without a theme for sorrow!
Peace comes with evening round his bush,
And gladness with his morrow.

He has, dear bird! no buried past,
Its restless ghosts surviving,
With voices like the desert blast
Around the lost uprising.
With prophet ken he may not view
The Future's page of sorrow;
Peace falls with evening and the dew,
And gladness wakes her morrow.

S I L K E B O R G :

A PICTURE OF DANISH SCENERY.

FROM THE DANISH OF HANS C. ANDERSEN.

THROUGH the woods and across the fields we drive into a pleasant homestead ; then out again, and we are upon the highest point in Denmark, upon the Himmelberge. Covered with heath and broom, it slopes away in gentle undulations down to the great Binnensee and to the Inulsee, whose tranquil waters are cut through by the largest of Denmark's rivers, the Gertenau, uniting lake to lake, and here for miles away, between forest and heath, flowing onward toward Silkeborg.

Beneath us, upon the opposite shore of the Inulsee, lies Dünersvold, the scene of the legend of Laven's castle.

Superstition still sees the glitter of gold and copper vessels beneath the clear water ; the boatman believes he hears the ring of metal when he strikes his staff upon the ground. Long ago, when Jutland consisted of numerous petty kingdoms, a king ruled here, whose fair-haired daughter one night eloped with another king. Bearing her before him upon his steed, he dashed boldly across the heath, buffeting the frowns of the night storm. Pursuers and pursued with equal haste, sought to reach the boundary oak, where the forester's house, near Silkeborg, now stands. The ford in the stream, where, hard pressed, he sank with the maiden, is, to this day, called by the people, the 'King's Deep.' We follow the chase in the legend, when from the Himmelberge we suffer the eye to range over lake and forest toward the north-west, until it rest upon the red roofs of the little town of Silkeborg. Here is our route.

We cross the Yoke Auring, as the peasant calls this mountain, and which we have already seen from the Himmelberge, rearing its heath-brown summit above the forest. In long reaches, and above the highest tree, like a towering rampart, the work of Cyclopean hands, rises the 'Yoke,' whose loftiest crest has but the breadth of a wagon-track. From here, away between the tree-tops, we see heath, moor, and a solitary field of buck-wheat, sprinkling with red and white blossoms the sandy soil. A rustic seat of birchen boughs invites repose, where, by the prospect that opens before us, we are transported to those picturesque regions of Scottish scenery around Loch Catharine and Loch Lomond.

What solitude ! what earnest reality ! The bright sun-light, in its changes, may indeed enliven the scene ; yet, like the mourner's face when he smiles, it loses nothing of its impressive seriousness.

What stillness — no sound in nature ! As if one had lost the sense of hearing ; while yet so acute the flutter of the gnat's wing is heard.

Here night lowers deep and mysterious ! In the forest over-head is heard the cry of the horned owl ; below, a whistling in the reed-brakes, it is the howl of the otter, the sweetwater-lake dog, that, wounded by the solitary hunter, attempts to swim to the opposite shore. There we

hear the death-cry of the king-eagle perishing in unequal conflict. Not many years since, a huge pike was discovered in the stream, to whose back, with firmly imbedded talons, clung an eagle; both, thus closely united, floated a lifeless mass upon the waves.

From the 'Yoke' we descend through the forest and over the sandy soil, where the drift sand, in its gyrations, has covered the heath flowers. We come now to the quaking moor, where coal-black storks build their nests in trees, as a Parian race condemned to the marshes and abhorred by the white storks. Farther still our road lies through the wood. Black heath hills rear themselves like islands amid the billowy forest sea. Here we discover tracts, as if cut from *that Black Forest* so world-renowned by the 'Village Tales.' Dry branches that have fallen to the ground, mingled with heath and leaves, crack beneath the wheels that here beat a fresh path. We encounter objects of deeper interest: ancient pit-falls of the days when the wild boar invited the chase; old people are still living who relate, how in their childhood howling wolves roamed through these forests. Here we see giant graves, or cairns encircled by slender birches, the seeds of which, driven hither by wind and weather, have germinated, and now luxuriate upon these sepulchres of antiquity.

Forest tracts, unbroken by road or foot-path, encircle deep lakes. Upon one of these is seen a small floating island, shaded by a solitary tree that bends low upon it. Hither and thither it drifts, the sport of the wind. They tell us that a stranger once came to this dark, still water: deeply impressed with its melancholy character, he returned to seek death in its unfathomable depths.

Woodland solitude, here is thine abode! Here where the eagle builds her nest; here where the wood-doves coo; where the partridge springs whirring from the heath-broom.

Truly has it been said, this region has but a needy soil; oh! yes, needy in all that man would force from it; but in its own vegetation, how rich, luxuriant, majestic! That primitive plant of the forest, the fern, shoots upward to the height of man, with its fine green plume-like leaves; whortleberries, raspberries, spring in superabundance from the earth; here grows the sombre juniper, reminding one of Italy's cypress; and the christhorn, summer and winter clothed with prickly, glossy evergreen leaves.

In the west the forest ceases, it lacks protection against the winds. Trunks and branches incline toward the east, and each tree seems pruned as if with a knife; the wood degenerates to bush, which finally disappears in the melancholy earth. Every thing seems rolled together by the wind, boughs and twigs inextricably interlaced, and covered with white petrified moss.

We look down into a long, deep heath valley. There stands a solitary clay hut, thatched with broom, above which a wreath of smoke is curling, betokening human existence. Superstition relates to us, that in the 'Deep Vale,' the name by which this region is known, there stands a large square stone, bearing an inscription which no one has yet deciphered; that beneath this stone lies as much gold and silver as would cover a full-grown man — treasure to ransom a captive king.

Two women who once passed through this valley, saw the stone, but could not read the inscription ; and when they had returned with others, the magic emblem was no longer found. Subsequent to this, a peasant seeking his horse that had strayed into this sequestered nook, discovered the stone and laid his halter upon it, when lo ! it sank before his eyes. At some future period, however, such is the popular belief, when the Danish King shall have become a prisoner, the stone will be found, the inscription read, the treasure raised, and the sovereign redeemed.

Tracing now our route toward Silkeborg, which we shall soon reach, let us linger a moment upon this spot in the wood. A narrow foot-path guides us to a broad lake, whose deep blue waters, smiling tranquilly in the morning light, kindly invite our approach. Huge forest trunks, half concealed by thin dark masses of foliage, incline over the banks like green swelling clouds, and in the clear water beneath we see the finny tribe sporting in sun-light. Groups of snow-white lilies repose like blooming islets upon its mirror surface ; and high above the forest, upon the arid heath, rises the sun-lit spire of the village church.

Toward the north the forest ceases upon the shores of the 'Long Lake,' through which flows the Gutenau ; and here, near its margin, is situate an ancient steward-tenement ; also a small house, for many years devoted to the purposes of eel-fishing — almost the only source of revenue derived from this river, where fish in great variety abound. These structures, then the only ones, belonged to the so-called *Reitergute*. The ground and lands throughout a broad circuit, remained wild and uncultivated ; a deep, sandy road, in winter almost impassable, led over them to districts in the west.

On a point of land where the river disembogues, are still to be seen the remains of red walls ; and not many years since were discovered here graves and the subterranean passages of an ancient structure. Here stood Silkeborg of the olden time, which has bequeathed a name to the present town and lands adjacent. The legend informs us that a certain bishop, Peter, who had determined to build a castle, was once traversing the 'Long Lake ;' the wind blew from his head the silken cap, and on the spot to which it drifted he ordered the construction of 'Silk Castle.' Silkeborg, Silk Castle, was built here. This fortress has been twice destroyed, once by lightning, and later by the Swedes, who left not one stone standing upon another. During the long interval that has elapsed since the occurrence of these events, but few strangers have ever visited these scenes, except such as were compelled to trace their dreary route obliquely across the country ; or sportsmen, who found here good duck and other shooting.

Here among the sand-hills, beneath spreading boughs of birch, or amid heath-broom, blazed the fires of the roaming gipsy. Tree, shrub, and every species of vegetation, were often swept away by the devastating element, and this kind of incendiarism became free to all. The wind chased the smoke and eddying flame-surges before it ; the solitary bush blazed up, and farther and farther spread the wild conflagration, until the moor or barren sand set bounds to its fury.

But few of Denmark's people were acquainted with the fairest region in the heart of their country ; and still fewer in the great, the

scientific, even the gain-seeking world, conceived of the power that for thousands of years the Gutenau, with its volume of water, had been prodigally dissipating.

The development and adaptation of material resources are bearers of the treasures of mind ; they are boughs for the maturing fruit of intellect.

Here, upon the shores of this deep river, has civilization traced its furrows and sowed its precious seed.

Already, in the year 1840, had liberal proposals been laid before the Board of Revenue, by the former administrator of the domain of Binderbøl, to render extensively available the situation of Silkeborg, as a manufacturing point, to convert the Gutenau into a navigable stream, and to project a new city ; but the plan met with opposition. Four years later, consequently twelve years ago, Drewsen, Denmark's well-known agriculturist, came here with his son. He recognized at a glance the importance of the site, and his two sons Christian and Michael, were the persons, who by strength and perseverance, carried out his ideas. From Seeland, the last-named at once proceeded thither, superintended the new project, and the paper factory forthwith grew into life. The shores of the stream were at that time a desert of sand and moor ; the ox-teams compelled to pass by this route sank deeply as they drew heavy loads of rubbish and *debris* from the tile-kilns. To perfect arrangements, nearly a hundred laborers, foregoing the necessities of life, dwelt in this primitive region, far away from any inhabited district. With energy and sagacity did the young man accomplish his task, and even the King himself, Christian VIII., interested himself in the undertaking, and gave actual proof of his sympathy. Smith-shops, bakeries, and houses for the workmen, were soon erected. This, together with the eel-fishery and the old steward-tenement that bore the name of castle, and which, with the exception of its out-buildings, was in a dilapidated condition, was all that constituted Silkeborg. But the blessing of God rested upon the spot ; soon there came a busy throng, seeking in the midst of the land an emporium for Jutland. A city rose ; day by day it grew with an impulse and rapidity, equalled only on the western continent. Beautiful streets have been laid out ; and two-story houses, breweries, and hotels, are already established ; nor are fancy shops and fashionable dress-makers wanting. Plans for additional streets, a church and council-house, have been drafted and marked out ; also pipes for gas-light (even Copenhagen is at present without them) have already been laid. Near the town where stands the forest, with its magnificent birches, (than which none more beautiful are seen in Sweden, the home of the birch,) down the slope toward the lake, is the neatly-inclosed church-yard. Over-shadowing the young graves the trees incline their leafy boughs. The man, Michael Drewsen, who, by the one-toned music of the factory-wheels, has thus called into existence the youngest of Denmark's cities, has built here, amid the heath-flowers, his burial-vault. A magnificent birch shades this, as we hope it will long remain, vacant resting-place.

Day and night is heard the hum of wheels in the factory, where

three hundred men earn their daily bread : here is actual life. It is pleasant and instructive to enter this living hot-house, to watch progressive developments ; how the rags are purified, washed, cut into shreds, then gushing forth as snow-white pulp, to be gradually changed into broad sheets, which, finally becoming cool and quiescent, furnish us with a beautiful white paper. However superior the specimens of this article, displayed by England and France at the London Exhibition, this paper has competed with them and gained the premium. Even from yellow straw the industrious proprietor has acquired the art of extracting materials for paper-making, and we have been astonished at the results of the transition.

Let us leave now the factory and town for a moment to the residence of the owner, a charming villa, liberally provided with English comforts, its garden-plot extending down to the river and lake, fresh and blooming upon the site of the old castle. A beautiful greensward covers the sandy soil, and during the season, is adorned with roses in rich profusion. In the rear of the conservatory are large purple clusters, pendent from their leafy vines ; beyond is the lake, with its gleaming shores of white sand and heath, and the solitary house of the ferry-man, whose light skiff, with a few strokes of the oar, saves the traveller a *detour* of two miles by land, which he would be compelled to make to gain the opposite margin. From thence we must go to the mountain summit, Hvindingedal, that we may embrace at a glance the bird's-eye perspective of the entire uplands, from the Himmelberge as far as the ' Long Lake,' where the red roofs of Silkeborg gleam at intervals between the tree-tops. In the midst of the garden there remains standing an ancient lime-tree, that might have shaded the gateway of the castle. Alders and willows afford protection against storms from the north and west. On the opposite shore of the lake the waving reeds seem sporting with the ripples, that wash too fragments of red walls, relics of the ancient fortress. A huge boulder, hewn with some pretension to architectural taste, belonging perhaps to a former archway, now lies upon a stone-heap, near which bloom Alpine exotics in rich luxuriance.

Beyond the garden-plot, laden flat-boats traverse the long route by water to Randers. A tedious journey — a road without variety. Beauty and sublimity in nature on the Gutenau, are found only between Silkeborg and Himmelberge. How charming to glide in skiff or sail-boat beneath drooping boughs of birch and alder ! As if torn loose from the shore, trees grow here and there in the stream, overshadowing islands of the blooming lotus. How delightful to steer from lake to lake, or in the twilight of even — in the starry night — to glide by torch-light along the dark shores of heath and woodland !

Denmark's river Gutenau, how beautiful art thou still ! and most beautiful here before the old steward-lodge and ' eel-fishery,' stretching away, adorned with flower-isles gently undulating. With thee, as with the mountain-path, thy course has been cut through heights abrupt, to provide a new broad highway between forest and drift-sand.

But a half-hour's ramble conducts us to where human ingenuity

has struggled in vain against the fine sand that whistled through the air by the wind, towers fathoms high above wood and moor.

Associated with this region, is one of the most recent of popular legends. It is the story of an immense treasure that lies concealed here, and Peer Golddigger has squandered his entire fortune in his endeavors to discover it. He, indeed, dreamed where it should be found — on the spot where a tree, thirty yards high, was so covered with drift-sand, that only a 'pipe-stem' of it was visible. It was in the year 1780, we are informed, that this Peer, a Holsteiner, who, at Weile, had homestead and castle, came and dug and dug, until he was buried as a parish pauper. But the treasure that a mighty lord of Silkeborg has buried here, *must* nevertheless be discovered. Meanwhile there burns above it a flame that no drift-sand can ever extinguish.

The attempted barrier against these sand-clouds by planting, trees struggling here and there for an existence, as well as the recently constructed highway, awaken thoughts on civilization and human industry. But solitude and impressive silence brood over the extended landscape, and here too, as in mountain regions, the clouds sometimes lower upon it as they sweep across to the forest curtain. Here no warbler sings, and seldom is a vehicle seen upon the solitary road.

From this, we turn back to the stream. Suddenly we behold energy and life; the factory lies beneath us, and a splendid bridge spans the river to the open, friendly town of Silkeborg. It greets us with its pack of barking dogs and the ringing blast of the postillion's horn. When at sun-set the returning flocks move leisurely along, the plaintive notes of the shepherd-boy's shalm are heard; but the whole landscape glows charmingly in the rosy light of even.

Yes! upon the stream, in the forest, upon the lake, and beyond, where the rich mineral waters from bubbling springs trickle down the face of the cliff — what infinite variety! — what beauty! — what fulness!

And now the broad highway of the *heath* — limited *heath* — leads directly across it.

Come hither on a warm summer day, when the sun-rays burn upon the dark brown plain, then will *Fata Morgana* display her magic power, as in the desert wilds of Sahara. Far away toward the horizon, you fancy yourself gazing upon the mirror-surface of the ocean — an open gulf with wood-crowned islands. The groves — solitary trees, all are faithfully imaged in the water, so true, so real; yet is the whole but deception. What you were gazing at is only dry, arid *heath*; the same for centuries — only *heath*.

They tell us that thousands of years ago, mighty forests stood here; conflagration and western storms have destroyed them — no one knows! That these mountains, valleys, lands, were once the ocean-bed, elevated by subterranean fires — no one knows! They point out to us the peat-moors, how they seem elevated upon the mountain-slopes. Cairns that link the present to a by-gone age — to us, the days of yore — cover the heroes of antiquity. Their names are unknown: they sleep in oblivion.

Song and legend alone acquaint us with the former existence of deep, clear lakes, that have been converted into growing moors. The *virgin*

sailed upon the dark water, and lost a golden ring ; for this was the lake proscribed, when from the bottom suddenly rolled upward the black mud ; in a moment the lake was moor !

Upon the shores of that solitary islet, the river washes the crumbling ruins of a castle, perhaps of the time when Viking returned from his expedition to the English and Norwegian coasts, to his home on the Gutenau ; or it may be a fortress of more recent date, when the Swedes occupied the country, when our Polish allies, and Calmucks, and Turks, stormed and raged, and hung the priests of the people to oaks by their long beards.

The spirit of oblivion, mightier than the storms of the Western Ocean that bow the forest without destroying, has extinguished forever the remembrance.

How immeasurable the void, for contemplation !

But soon will the iron car, like a fuming dragon, dispel the gloom of the lonely heath, as with roar and shriek it dashes impetuously onward ; and thousands will come and gaze upon these glories in nature ; poets will paint the scenes in verse, while Silkeborg rises and blooms — will *spin silk*, when the iron net-work shall have traversed the land.

S A B B A T H A T S E A .

BY J. SWETT.

CALMLY o'er the sleeping ocean
Comes the dawn of Sabbath day ;
Clouds that raged in wild commotion,
Glide like distant sails away :
Voices of the Sabbath morning
Still the tumult of the sea,
As the mild tones of the SAVIOUR
Calmed the waves of Galilee.

It is evening, and in ocean
Sinks the fiery sun to rest,
As a weary child at twilight
Seeks a loving mother's breast.
No sweet vesper bells are pealing
O'er the sea in mellow chime :
Spirit notes of holier feeling
Whisper prayers of evening-time.

Starry isles of light come drifting
From the dark depths of the sky,
And the Southern Cross is lifting
Up its emblem grand on high.
Gazing on that holy symbol,
Earth-worn spirits soar away,
Seeking rest awhile in Heaven
With the dying Sabbath day.

Steamship Golden Gate, May, 1857.

D E G - G U B - M U H :

A MODERN STORY, IN THREE PARTS.

PART FIRST.

I HAVE lately bought at public auction, one of those quaint old houses that belong neither to the present generation or style, nor yet is it very ancient, for nothing is *old* in this country but the everlasting hills and their belongings. But my house was built by, and has been inhabited by those who have stories to tell of ancestors and deeds of olden time and in the olden world; and many a curious relic and memento of those far-off-times has been handed down from father to son, or rather from one occupant to another, (for strange to say, the succession have all been strangers,) and at last has been left to go with the house.

The house itself is spacious and comfortable enough for me, but has many curious nooks and crannies, sliding panels, and out-of-the-way cupboards and drawers, enough to make the fortune of an antiquary or story-teller; and so much so, that I have got the hunting mania; and almost any dull, rainy day, when I am not allowed to go abroad, you may see me creeping and climbing around these out-of-the-way places, sounding all the panels and hollow wainscoting with my buffer, and trying every nail and screw-head to be found; and although I labor many days in vain, I do not fail in the end to get a rich reward for my perseverance.

It is true I am a quiet man, am easily pleased, do not love a crowd, nor naturally seek the face of a stranger; beside, I am an invalid; and though somewhat advanced in years, am by no means as old as Methuselah was reputed to be — oh! no; yet I have the garrulousness of old age, and love to tell what I see and hear; and when I find my audience tire of hearing, I then, some sun-shiny day, when it is too bright for exploring, after my daily walk sit down by my eastern window and tell my story again on paper for my distant friends to read, for I have friends that I never saw or heard of: I am at peace with every body, and therefore friend to all.

I have a little daughter, (or rather *we* have, for I am not alone in the world, nor ever can be, while she and her mother can soothe my pains and bring the sun-shine of life to our home,) just big enough to look over my pen as I write, by standing on tiptoe, who, for short, I call Fritz, or Fritz. She is the companion of all my searches, and the unwearied listener to all my tales.

But to return to my house and its former occupants. I never knew but one of them, and that was a good step back in life, when I was a wild boy in my youngest teens. I think she must have been an invalid, for I never saw her out of this room, and generally sitting by this window, as I now do, overlooking the church and its silent city, shaded with the yew, cypress, and willow. Yet she was always cheerful, always entered into our little plans and sports with a readiness that gave

us all ease in her presence. But she had one peculiarity, to solve which I have puzzled my poor brain many a time, with no success. Whenever I or any one entered her room, she would look up at us with such an intent, puzzled, almost painful look, that it was evident her mind was away in the dim past, or the dreamy mazes of the future, and that the object before her was in some way connected with that state, whether future or past, and her mind was seeking, hoping to find some long-sought hope realized. It was evidently by a great effort that she recalled herself to living realities, but when she was aroused and knew you and the present, none was more lovely, easy, or companionable.

Such was she when I was called to roam in foreign lands. And when I returned, with pallor on my cheek, and the gray harvest of hairs that the autumn of life had showered on my head, her place knew her no more! And I know *as yet* nothing more of her, only an unmarked mound in yonder church-yard, shaded by that drooping elm, just where the shadow of the cross on the spire strikes the ground from the morning sun, is said to be her grave. Green is the turf over her, and green is her memory in our hearts.

N.B. — The KNICKERBOCKER is the only Magazine that will contain this highly interesting story, for as it is *copy-righted*, it will not appear in any other. So you must subscribe for the Magazine, pay for it, and read it too, if you wish to be gratified; and if in the course of six months you do not find the conclusion of the above story, you may think either my house is haunted, I have got a personal audience, or have retired from literary labor; and *then* turn to the heading of the story and read it backward.

OLD TROWBRIDGE.

'ROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.'

I.

Pass the flowing bowl along,
Christen it with merry song:
He that quaffs it with a sigh,
With the dead men let him lie.

II.

We are wearied, comrades mine;
Quaff the glass of sparkling wine
Till with fire the pulses thrill,
Pass along the goblet still.

III.

Let us live while yet we may;
Drink the mid-night into day:

Feather River, (Cal.)

Fill the bowl with blushing wine;
Drink to days of 'Auld Lang Syne.'

IV.

Drink to lips that ours have pressed,
Pledge the maidens we love best:
Sing the songs that loved ones sung
In the days when we were young.

V.

Raise the merry song on high
As the swift-winged moments fly.
Drink the mid-night into day:
Let us live while yet we may.

J. S.

THE SWORD OF ETHAN ALLEN.

At East-Manville, on Grand River, some twenty miles below Grand Rapids, Michigan, lives a family by the name of HOPKINS, and here, in the possession of an aged lady, niece of Gen. ETHAN ALLEN, is his sword. Aware, says our informant, who saw it two years since, that the leaders of the revolutionary struggle were often selected for their weight and mettle, as well as other military accomplishments, we were not surprised to find their arms of a similar kind. The sword in question was without ornament, and might be a hundred years old by its appearance; very heavy, with an iron hilt, on which is engraved in rude characters, as if cut by a jack-knife, the name of 'ETHAN ALLEN;' the blade long, straight, and single-edged—a veritable 'Damascus blade.' Though the strong rust-spots were proof that a long term of peace is uncongenial to weapons of war, this relic of the olden time seemed to possess, in pent-up silence, all the fire that flashed from its surface when waving in triumph over the gates of Ticonderoga. One of our company intimated to the owner that if fifty dollars would be any object, he would like to present the sword to his father, who was an intimate friend and adviser of the GENERAL, with the assurance that it should descend as an heir-loom of much value through successive generations. She, casting a glance at the huge logs of which the house was built, with a flash of the eye, said to be peculiar to the GENERAL and his family, quietly remarked: 'There are some things in this house that money will not buy—*this* is one of them.'

I.

THE sword of ALLEN! hear, ye braves!
Ye cohorts of the mighty dead,
Wake from the slumber of your graves,
To see it circling o'er your head,
As erst it flashed in days of yore:
Bathed to the hilt in foeman's gore.

II.

That blade of battle, keen and straight,
Rust-spotted by the touch of time,
Cut through the fetters forged by fate,
To bind the brave of every clime;
Ticonderoga's gates gave way,
As blazed that sabre's meteor ray.

III.

That sword of freedom, single edged,
With iron hilt and hero-graved,
Transcends earth's diadems, all pledged.
The bravest of the brave, *it braved*:
The freest of the free, *it freed*:
And fame eternal crowned the deed.

IV.

Sword, take thy rest: thy work is done:
The warrior's hero-goal is won.
Some things there be, gold cannot buy:
Brave Allen's sword of victory!
Yes, relic of the olden time,
Thou'rt sheathed in glory, lone, sublime.

Kalamazoo, (Mich.)

VOL. L.

REMINISCENCES OF THE SOUTHERN TIER.

NUMBER THREE.

IN resuming these reminiscences, it is proposed to devote a brief space to some of our adopted citizens, who have 'cast their lot' among us, whose warm and generous impulses, so characteristic of the natives of the Emerald Isle, have much to do with the appreciation in which they are held by the early settlers. Most of them possess a fund of genuine, original humor, which I think is peculiar to their race.

The manner in which they sometimes avail themselves of this trait, to escape a dilemma, will appear in what follows.

During the construction of the New-York and Erie Railroad, an Irishman named Burke, secured the contract for the building of that portion of the road between Elmira and Seely Creek, a distance of about three miles. He once requested the writer to go with him to Seely Creek, where he was then preparing the stone for the abutments of the bridge to be erected over that stream. His object, he said, was to make me acquainted with his foreman, who was a temperance-man, who had taken the pledge in Ireland, and received a medal from Father Mathew, which he wore suspended to a blue ribbon around his neck. I accompanied him accordingly, and on arriving at the scene of labor, to his surprise as well as my own, we found him very tipsy. In reply to Burke's expression of astonishment at his condition, Jemmy said, that when distributing the accustomed *jigger* (for so he termed the measure of whiskey) among the laborers in the morning, he had been tempted by curiosity to swallow one of them himself, and it had made him 'as drunk as a baste.' We offered to assist him to his shanty, which was near by, but he persisted in 'steering his own ship,' which was effected by a system of *tacking* (which we call laying worm-fence) by which he travelled at least three times over the ground. Arrived at the door of the shanty, we found his wife standing there, who saw at once the plight of poor Jemmy, with her arms akimbo, looking daggers at her husband, and favoring us with an occasional glance. Her first salutation was: 'So, Mr. Farrell, it's very much fatigued you are, considering the *length of the road* you have travelled!' This was probably ten rods in a straight line. Jemmy, with a wink, and a look of infinite humor, replied: 'Troth, Bridget, it's not the *length* of the road, but the *breadth of it*, that has been the death of me.' I never saw a person so quickly disarmed as Bridget was, by his quiet reply. Laying aside the look of defiance with which she met us, with a face beaming with smiles, she said: 'Come in, Jemmy, I will take care of you till you get the better of it.' She assisted us in getting off his boots and laying him on the bed, where, in great glee, he described the wonderful effect the drinking of the '*jigger*' had produced upon him; assuring his wife of his perfect satisfaction with the result of his 'search

after knowledge, under difficulties ;' that he had no desire to repeat the experiment, and that it would enable him, in his exhortations to his fellows, to describe with more feeling than before, its baneful effects upon the human system.

One of these Irish patriots has resided in Chemung county for several years, and may well be included in the list of our oddities. Shortly after his settlement here, he called at the office of the writer, to prepare his papers for naturalization as a citizen. He then entered into a detail of his early history and studies, having once made some preparation for the ministry in the 'ould countrie.' It was on Saturday, and he was directed to call at the house of the narrator on Monday morning, so as to insure attention to his application immediately after opening the court. He called at the office, and my partner sent him to my residence, which the judge of the court made his home, while holding the circuit. He rapped at the gate, some thirty feet from the outer door. I stood near the door and observing his approach, said : ' Good morning, Mr. O'Driscoll.' ' Sure,' said he, ' I am that same ; but how should you know me ? ' (While at the office, on Saturday, he held his conversation with my partner, and had not particularly noticed me.) I replied : ' I can tell an O'Driscoll as far as I can see him ; you are the nephew of Father O'Driscoll, parish priest, in the County Monaghan. Walk in, and make yourself at home.' ' Well,' said he, ' that is wonderful, but Mr. Washington Miller said you was a very smart man.' He came in, his papers were finished, and soon after he took the oath as a citizen. On leaving the court-house, he informed me that his brother had preceded him to this country, had settled at Rondout, where he had married a Dutch girl, who had considerable property ; that he had recently died, without issue, leaving a will, by which he had devised all his possessions to his wife. He was desirous of instituting proceedings to set aside the will, and claim the property as heir-at-law. I informed him that the will would probably be sustained, unless he could show that his brother was incompetent to execute it at the time, or acted under some improper influence ; that our courts generally sustained such instruments, if the testator's intentions were clearly manifested, and incompetency not fully made out. ' Sure,' said he, ' is not this a pretty land of liberty, where a man can do as he pleases with his dirty acres, utterly regardless of his own kith and kin ? '

About the time the Know-Nothing party had its rise, Dennis was much troubled about it, and asked me what they meant. I simply remarked, that they seemed to be down upon the Irish and other foreigners.

He asked me where I was born. I answered in Pennsylvania. ' Were you consulted about it ? ' said he. I replied : ' No ! ' ' Neither was I consulted as to my place of birth,' he remarked. ' It happened in Ireland ; and when arrived at the *full stature of a man*, I selected America as my residence, *of my own free will*. You came into this country because you could not help yourself ; *I came of my own choice* : you came in, *naked and penniless* ; I came *well clothed, with a pocket full of sovereigns* ; and damme if I do n't think myself the better man

of the two.' The argument seemed irresistible, and I confess it went far to dispel my Know-Nothing propensities.

Dennis was a decided Democrat, and had been appointed a lock-tender on the Chemung Canal, under Democratic rule. A political change occurred, but he was retained, as it is supposed, through the influence of Mr. Yates, of Elmira. His warm gratitude toward his benefactor, as well as his literary qualifications, are exhibited in the following letter to that gentleman. Its authenticity is undoubted, and the original can be produced.

'South-Summit Lock, Dec. 27, 1851.

'MY DEAR MR. YATES: It would give me the warmest glow of enthusiasm, and the most pleasing emotions of the soul, to know how you, Mrs. Yates, and the rest of the family are at present; for since we had the ceremony of an introduction, when fate made us first acquainted, and am glad fortune preserved the acquaintance, for I appreciate refined sensibility. From all I have learned, let me assure you, I consider you worthy of my highest esteem and trust; if you were longer acquainted with my history, you may arrive at the same conclusion with regard to myself, though poverty restrains my advances at present. But, however, I infinitely thank my American friends and fellow-citizens for all I have got. Mr. Yates, I most assuredly tell you, I feel proud that the exquisite symmetry of your physical mould, your profound gumption, good qualifications, energy of execution, and high order of talent, your fascinating disposition and your generosity in your social relations, has given you a superior standing and a popular position in society as a leading spirit and as an exemplar of Christian ethics.

'And as to your mechanical art — nay, had I been as bright and as piquant a writer as the celebrated Demosthenes, prince of orators, that could sit upon a tripod and deliver oracles — with all my eloquence, refined erudition, and extraordinary abilities, I could not eulogize your merit as a connoisseur in art, and as a mechanical genius in clock and watch-repairing and other branches in your line of business, as you are worthy of. Therefore, I think it is no exaggeration for me to give you the monument of your fame; for what could be more demonstrative to me than to see the difficult jobs you have completed for myself; so my honest conviction is, that I need not mention that. That clock of mine, I have sent to you to be repaired, will tell the precise time of day more regular than the sun will in his revolution, if it will only be repaired by you, or by Mr. Francis Collingwood, that has learned of you.

'Sir, if it were needed, I could go into consecutive series about your civic virtue, worth and great acquirements, and would recount a bright page in your history by describing of your art, science, wisdom, and bright scintillations of wit, as swift as the wings of thought to my satisfaction as you deserve, with a more graphic and able pen, but as it is not incidentally exigent or required, accept the assurances of my personal regard and best wishes for your success. As a requital for your meritorious principles, I will now conclude with informing you, myself and my wife and family are all well, and with wishing you the bless-

ings and happiness of manifold years. With cordial and long-cherished sentiments of respect and esteem, I remain yours,

‘DENNIS O’DRISCOLL.’

Whether it is the influence of the air of our hills, or our valleys, that gives the impetus to the precocious intellect within our borders, I know not ; but it does not seem confined to the foreign element in our midst. Take as specimens of *native mind*, the following :

Some twenty years ago, a church stood upon the bank of the Chemung River, in the town of Southport. It had been built by contributions from several religious denominations who occupied it in turn. Difficulties, however, sprang up among them as to its occupancy, and during the heat of the controversy, the building was destroyed by fire. A young pedagogue of the neighborhood sent the following description of the catastrophe to a neighboring print :

‘FIRE.—Between twelve and one o’clock on Sunday morning, the twenty-ninth April last, the Presbyterian Church in the town of Southport was consumed by fire. The situation of this building, dedicated to the service of God, was delightful, and the prospect from it was grand and majestic. It stood on the margin of the Chemung River, in the town of Southport, about two miles below the village of Elmira, amidst the tombs of departed friends and relatives, and surrounded with all the solemnities of a grave-yard. Such a situation, so so retired, so beautiful, so sublime, devoted to the service of God, ought to have escaped the rude grasp of the mid-night incendiary. But alas ! not the sacred temples of God, consecrated to the purpose of sacred devotion, are exempt from invasion and the mid-night torch. This building, in such a place, was doomed a prey to the mid-night incendiary. The torch was applied and the horrid conflagration streamed to heaven. The noble edifice fell in one undistinguished mass of ruin, and its ashes now mingle with those of the dead. The cattle arose and fled affrighted to the inmost recesses of the grove. The distant mariner surveyed the flaming meteor afar, which illuminated his way down the deep waters of the Susquehannah ; and the angry spirits of the deep mournfully howled to the mid-night blast.’

During the political campaign in which Mr. Van Buren was re-nominated for the Presidency, one of our country editors ‘flung the banner’ of Van Buren ‘to the breeze,’ and in the most glowing terms announced the fact to his readers. The entire article is too long to extract ; it concludes thus, after enumerating his public services : ‘His acts are before the American people ; his principles are spread out to the gaze of an admiring world ; his claims on the American people, we need not write them ; to write his history, we must write the history of the republic ; to mention his talents, we must write his eulogy. Martin Van Buren is characterized by patriotic devotion ; unsurpassed in honesty of purpose ; of unassailable integrity ; unequalled in constancy and firmness of resolution ; distinguished for intelligence and strength of mind ; deeply versed in the knowledge of man ; extensively acquainted with the various interests of his country ; simple and republican in his habits ; regarding every upright man as his equal and brother ; soaring above

local prejudices ; regarding all parts of this extended republic as his home, dear to him as the life he has spent for its advancement ; more sensitively recoiling from the breath of corruption than from the approach of a deadly plague. His name already trembles upon the poet's lyre ; and the vestal lamp has lit up his moral virtues, never more to be extinguished. Matrons and sires sing his praises with admiring pleasure. The accomplished daughters of Columbia grasp their harps from the willow and strain the tuneful chords of harmony to his patriotic deeds. His fame is as broad as the universe, firm as the adamantine rocks of our country, and enduring as the magnet of the pole.' Call you this 'a benighted region' ?

M.

D E P R O F U N D I S .

BY JACQUES MAURICE.

BROWN were the leaves softly falling: the leaves of my heart too were fading ; Then, with my ear bending earthward, I heard the low voice of our Mother : 'Child! I have looked on thy sadness; too oft have I heard thy complaining ; Sighs are thy breath, and long sorrow hath given thy countenance paleness. Listen, poor tired complainer, for thou shalt find life in my counsel :

There is no friendship in this life complete as the friendship thou seekest ; Fame cannot satisfy ; pleasure, thy heart is too noble to ask for ; Beauty, though fleeting, is heavenly — reverence thou, but not worship ; Love is oft selfish — at best, it can never content thy whole being ; Power is dangerous ever, to others and him who shall wield it ; Hermit-life still would be farther from that thou wert born to accomplish. Dreamer! give over thy dreaming! Let henceforth an aim that is worthy Gather thy powers, and chain them to some giant mastering soul-thought : Strive for the good of thy brethren. The poor and the feeble need succor, Ignorance frowns dark and dreary, on every side hindering progress, Spirit needs guidance: be, therefore, thy aim to deliver from darkness, Lift up the grovelling mind, and encourage the sinking endeavor ; Take thou the hand of thy neighbor — then with him press earnestly upward ; Make him unselfish, and nourish in him the germ of sweet charity ; Show him the beauty in nature, in poetry, painting, and music ; Teach him the wonders of purity ; fit him for holiest duties : Higher than all, be thy striving to lead by thy blameless example. Then shall thy friendship be Heaven's, thy fame a most just self-approval, Goodness thy pleasure — true holiness ever shall be to thee beauty ; Love, if not earthly yet heavenly, shall not too long be denied thee : Strong in thy power to act kindly — resting upon thine ambition : Peace, the thrice-gentle attendant, not ever shall grieve or desert thee.

Then, when the powers of *this* life are drooped to the mortal last weakness — When from the angel-oped cell thy pure spirit is almost delivered, Come ! and all lovingly softened, lo ! I will bestow thee a pillow : Here, on my breast, lay thy head ; and, low soothing thy painless soft sighing, Soon will I waft thy freed soul to a new rest in a haven eternal.

June 12, 1856.

T H E C O T T O N J E N N Y :

A TALE OF LEIGH, IN LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

ON the afternoon of a spring day, in the year 17 —, the lithe figure of a girl of eleven years stood on the door-step of a house in the town of Leigh, in Lancashire, England. The buzz of childish voices issued from an adjacent room ; but they lacked something of young life's hilarity, and with their tones there mingled frequently those of a woman, shrill, harsh, and discordant to the listener's ear. Whenever that voice was heard, the girl's forehead contracted as in pain, and her eye-lids closed with an expression of great weariness over her blue and mournful eyes. As she sat there, her glance fell upon the figure of a man, who came rapidly down the narrow and crooked street, and then all expression of sorrow or fatigue disappeared from her countenance ; the faint color of her cheek deepened, her lips grew gay in the glad welcome of her heart, which was framed into an exclamation of girlish delight as the man, who was her father, stopped before her. In his bearing there was ordinarily nothing which betokened him to be in any degree superior to or unlike the majority of the class of artisans to whom he belonged in Leigh. On this afternoon his cheek was flushed to a feverish glow, and in the usually heavy, listless expression of his eyes there was a certain nervous light, born either of some new grievance or new hope met during the labors of the day ; for that very morning he had gone forth with the dawn of light, carrying to his toil that dogged expression of submission to his destiny which you are wont to behold on the face of over-worked men as in the early day they leave the night's brief respite from their never-ceasing daily drudgery, the ever constant and pressing remembrance that for him rest is starvation.

Now, for almost the first time in her life, the girl met with no response to her words of endearment, while even the hand which she laid affectionately on the coarse sleeve of his jacket was shaken off, as he turned back his impatient eye toward one who had followed him, with a more laggard step, but also, like himself, laden with many tools and blocks of wood.

'Tell your mother to give ye your supper, all of ye ; I am too busy for mine to-night.' And without another word, Thomas Cartwright and his companion clambered up the rickety steps which led to the loft above, and deposited their burthen upon the floor already strewn with an accumulation of blocks of wood and shavings. The sun-set rays still shed sufficient light through the window in the roof to enable the two men to enter at once busily upon their labor, the construction of an ingenious yet simple mechanical article, the consummation of which had been now for many days the all-absorbing topic of Thomas Cartwright's thoughts, but which, from his utter inability through the extremity of

his poverty to furnish the trifling necessary expense attendant on his final completion of his work, he had from day to day deferred ; at last, however, he had met with one willing to aid him, less sore pressed than himself, and greedy after the great gain and triumphant success which he so confidently anticipated. Between these two men who sat there through that night at work, there was a vivid contrast : the one, Thomas Cartwright, a tall, spare man, of plain presence and almost homely features, but for the transient smile of some blessed hidden thought that came every now and then, like a transient gleam of sun-shine, filling the earnest gray eyes, mellowing the rugged pallor of a face grown into such through long years of want and well-nigh despair ; and those hidden thoughts ! Let us go back twelve years, a mere episode in some men's lives, an eternity in others ; then there was, many miles from Lancashire, a thatched roof, covering more true joy and serene peace than could have been found under that of any palace in all England. The robin sang cheerily on the hawthorn blossoms that hedged its white-washed walls, as morning after morning Thomas Cartwright sat down in the early summer day to the frugal breakfast, which his gray old father blessed and his sweet wife made a banquet with her presence ; and a second presence there, second only to him, to the young mother — gathering butter-cups on the green plat before his door, and clapping a pair of chubby hands in infantile joy when he came home at night ; this is the olden time to which we wander back. Oh ! often, often, Thomas Cartwright, have you wished the years following close upon those days stricken from out the calendar of your time ; often have you wished the green sod which you laid upon that wife's breast some friendly hands had piled high upon your own and your motherless daughter's. You should have staid there on the ground, consecrated by so much happiness : the memories which lacerated you then with regret would have softened with the lapse of time into treasured reminiscences of what had once been your own. But wisdom comes too often late ; in the crowded heart of thriving, noisy Leigh you sought oblivion of olden memories. Ah ! did they not haunt you with more poignancy, poignancy ten-fold more bitter when she whom you took in your dead Jenny's place to care for her child, filled your home with noisy upbraidings of your indulgence of the lonely little one, and petulant repinings for the increase of care, and deprivation of many comforts which came with the children which were more to you now like fortune's curses than Heaven's blessings. Salt tears you have dropped over your first-born's desolate childhood ; and she has grown up to a premature womanhood with all that is left to her barren youth of childhood's joyousness centring in her love for you. All night Thomas Cartwright gilded the hours, which were flying hopefully on, with the thought of what he should now be able to do for his daughter Jenny ; he saw her released from the bondage of her step-mother's petty tyranny, growing into a blooming maiden in the healthful country home where she had been born ; and anon the blooming maiden grew into the sweet type of her who had blessed his own young manhood, making glad another heart like his ; and while Thomas Cartwright dreamed thus over his busy toil, his companion's brilliant black eye,

kindling and flashing, betrayed too the restless fancies that were awake within his breast. What Thomas lacked of symmetry of form and feature, this man, James Landsmeire, possessed; neither toil nor want had blanched his cheek or dimmed his eye; Nature had been prodigal to him in his perfect physical development; but the smile which played at rare intervals on his lip, gave a colder expression to his features than when in perfect repose; there was no merriment to be caught, no contagious enjoyment to be born of his laugh. This night he stepped from out his coarse artisan clothing into the habiliments of a gentleman, and the past was to him a blank, the future teeming with ambitious personal aggrandizement. He could scarce recall himself to the actuality of the present as Thomas Cartwright pronounced his labor at an end, and in the first gray dawn of the summer morning christened it, (in the fullness of his love for the pallid little sleeper below stairs) after her, the 'Cotton Jenny.' Gifted with much mechanical genius, Thomas Cartwright lacked a certain confidence in himself which was requisite for his ultimate success; he could overcome all personal obstacles in the completion of his work, but the mere courage which was wanting to bring it into deserved and successful notice, he had not at his command. There are some men who appear always to better advantage in borrowed light, and such a one was James Landsmeire. He had no hesitancy in at once bringing before his employer the great head of the largest manufacturing establishment in Leigh, this simple yet cunning mechanical triumph which was to produce economy in manufacturing labor. He had mastered Thomas Cartwright's secret with his willing coögency in furnishing the trifling expense which the master mind could not command; and bold and sanguine he was to produce it to his employer as the fruit of their co-labor. That was the agreement to which the two men had bound themselves, an equal division of the profits. Alas! for Thomas Cartwright's confidence, faith alone made it an inviolable one; nothing but his childish yet glorious trustfulness in his fellow-man remained to make it binding with James Landsmeire.

They were not mistaken in their anticipations: it was tested and accepted by the owner first of the principal mills in Leigh, finally throughout all the manufacturing district: James Landsmeire at once, with adroit villany, excluded Thomas Cartwright from all participation in the success in which his production of the cotton jenny had resulted. He proclaimed himself its sole originator and rightful claimant, and his fortune was made. Thomas Cartwright he declared to have merely assisted him in its completion, and clamored loudly against the injustice of his seeking to wrest from or divide with him the profits which had accrued to him: for a time, however, his adversary wrestled despairingly with him for the hope which he was doomed to see dissipated in the injustice with which he found himself treated, until the increase of domestic care and the apparent utter hopelessness of his efforts filled him with the apathy of despair, and he eventually succumbed to the despoiler.

In the mean time James Landsmeire prospered beyond his most sanguine expectations; soon he rose to overseer of the factory, and in, it seemed to his old fellow-laborers an incredible short time, to a co-

partnership in the rich company of manufacturers in Leigh ; but their love never followed him into the new sphere in which he moved ; they hated him for the self-aggrandizement which grew out of their own privations ; and if their curses failed to reach him, so was his life barren of much love.

CHAPTER SECOND.

‘THE LORD is my shepherd ; I shall not want. HE maketh me to lie down in green pastures ; HE leadeth me beside the still waters.’

The voice which fell on the old man’s ear was sweet in its intonations and full of a pure heart’s tender trust and reverence, and worn and weary as he was by life’s long struggles, Thomas Cartwright himself folded his hands in meek resignation to the hope of his grand-child expressed in the beautiful words of David.

Of the bloom of maidenhood, crowned by wifely grace, over which he had dreamed years before in the lonesome night for his daughter Jenny, he had witnessed the shadow only.

A malignant epidemic, which had thinned the households of Leigh, had stricken down the noisy, quarrelsome mother of his younger children, and in quick succession they followed her, while the eldest, seemingly the frailest of them all, went unscathed. Rest came to the worn man then in the time of respite from his daily toil, hours during which, unharassed, he could caress the girl growing into the woman, without that bloom which he had pictured when hope had dowered her with a simple prosperity, but sweet as many a pallid flower that springs in the shadow of the way-side. The gloom of penury left his home, for a heart-light from affection lent a daily ministration to his comfort, and Jenny at his fire-side made it one of peace.

The people of Leigh had cursed him as the co-worker of James Landsmeire when the success of the cotton jenny with its economy in labor had deprived so many of them of employment ; but when they beheld the arrogant prosperity of the one, and the humble resignation of the other to the wrong which had been done him, the bitterness of their ill-will, at first wreaked unsparingly upon him, gradually softened into pity and commiseration.

They stood aloof from him in the days of the pestilence and left his family unaided to battle against the suffering of disease and the want of employment which he temporarily suffered with the rest. And Thomas Cartwright suffered more through their alienation and a sense of the want which he had unwittingly brought upon them than he did from his own.

On the day when the final success of the cotton jenny was made known to his fellow-laborers, and his connection with James Landsmeire in its conception, they had besieged him with their curses and upbraidings ; then the bitterness of despair was at his heart as the mob of artisans swayed to-and-fro in a dense crowd about his house, and he went forth from his home to answer them only by his entreaties to them to depart. But this had all passed by, Jenny had been wooed and won as a wife, and her child it was that sat beside him this early summer morning chanting from the psalmist in reply to his regret at the part-

ing between them which the old man knew was close at hand. The turf had grown green many springs on Jenny's breast, but she lived even a sweeter, dearer life over again to Thomas Cartwright in her child. It seemed to him always that his second Jenny was but a living embodiment of her dead mother's spirit, a spirit which had been a beautiful combination of strength and purity. With her mother's lithe figure, her blue eyes a hundred times more radiant in their liquid light, luxuriant chestnut hair, and the most charming features, combined with an expression of rare beauty and joyousness, Jenny Meads was the loveliest girl in all Leigh.

For more than a year back the increasing infirmities of the grandfather had so crippled his physical strength that he had become entirely dependent on his son-in-law, who by the same austere labor to which the old man's life had been devoted, just managed to provide for their subsistence. To the noxious atmosphere of the factories while he could provide her with food, John Meads would not confine his child; he had kept her fair cheeks thus far unpaled by its confinement; he would keep her yet longer.

But the evil day which they both dreaded alike, John and himself, Thomas saw was not far distant; more than once Jenny, with a subdued expression as she looked upon the hoard of wan operatives which swept by their door daily, had expressed her conviction of her duty to join her father in his labor for their necessary provision, and now that he was failing so rapidly, he foresaw, when left alone, the girl's sense of what she felt to be her duty would overcome her reluctance. He could not bear to think of her smooth brow knit with the weariness of factory-hours, her bright hair soiled with the dust of her labors, her cheek growing daily more wan as he had seen others grow before her.

'What will you do without me to care for; or should John be taken away, to care for you, my Jenny?' said the old man sorrowfully; and Jenny chanted hopefully and trustfully:

'The Lord is my Shepherd.'

She stood then in the open door-way, where she had placed her grandfather's arm-chair; and with his white hair smooth above his furrowed temples, his neatly-mended, well-brushed coat, sat Thomas Cartwright, his dim eyes moist with a gathering tear, gazing on her face. As he gazed, all at once she blushed deeply, and courtesied timidly to a gentleman riding by, who had saluted her with the most profound civility, bending from his carriage. But the girl's agitation was nothing to that of Thomas Cartwright's; a glow such as for years had not warmed the cold gray hue of his withered face burnt angrily in his cheek; indignation darted from his kindling eye, and his voice was shaken with strange anger.

'How dare he,' he said, 'how dare he, James Landsmeire's son, mock you thus?'

'Hush! dear, dear, grand-papa, hush! he is coming toward us; he is coming to see you,' she whispered entreatingly and much agitated, as she beheld the young man get out of the carriage a few rods down the street, and approach the house.

'And what can he want of me, that he comes here? — little good, I

wot,' he rejoined, just as the object of his emotion stepped upon the threshold, and with another courteous salutation, inquired for John Meads.

'Earning his own and his child's bread, by the sweat of his brow, as where else should he be?' answered the agitated old man, with a passionate intonation and angry countenance, such as Jenny had never before witnessed.

The young gentleman looked hard into those wrathful features, at first touched by the rudeness which he encountered, with something of indignation; but finally subdued by the recollection of his apparent great age and infirmities, and yet more mollified by the girl's appealing glance, he answered mildly:

'And to make this to John Meads an easier task, is the object of my visit. I thought so early in the day, to have found him not yet abroad.'

'And wherefore should you take this sudden interest in the wants of my son?' queried the old man, with a new suspicion, and fixing a penetrating glance on his handsome face; while, unnoticed, the girl dropped her head with a tell-tale blush, on her bosom, and the stranger paused in momentary embarrassment, but quickly recovering himself, and raising his eye with a clear, frank gaze, to the scrutiny of his questioner, he answered:

'Because I know him to be an upright, honest man, in trouble, and — and will you hear me, Sir; I have learned something of your history, and, Thomas Cartwright, I blush for my inheritance; these are hard words for a son to speak, but they are due you.' He stopped, with the color burning hot in his eloquent face, and looked steadily into his hearer's face: he was sorely moved; the wrong which he had endured smarted afresh in his breast; he closed his eyes as if to shut out the sight of his enemy's son, but a chord within vibrated to the words which had been spoken; after a brief struggle, he held out his hand:

'There is truth in your eyes, boy, you — for your sake Thomas Cartwright takes back the curse with which he burdened your father's prosperity.' And now a mild light glowed in the old man's eyes, it spread over his whole face in a general smile; but for this, the boy had never been bold enough to have done what he did: he took the girl's trembling hand within his own, and drawing her gently forward, he said:

'Your goodness emboldens me to confess to you that which I have already done to your grand-daughter — my affection for her, which I beseech you to sanction by your approval; I had not dared to have asked it of you yet, but your kindness has emboldened me to seek to hallow it by your blessing.'

'No, no, boy; you know not what you ask; you would bring sorrow only on my child. No, no; James Landsmeire would only shame Thomas Cartwright's grand-child by his refusal; go — go, make us not miserable, rob us not of our sole comfort,' he replied, in an earnest, agitated voice.

'Will you not give me any hope? You will not refuse me if I gain his,' he entreated. Vain, however, were his prayers; he could not

wring the faintest encouragement from Thomas Cartwright; it was James Landsmeire's son only, now, that petitioned him for the love of the child of her whose youth had been made one of miserable deprivation through his father's treachery to himself, and worn her out with want, which, but for him, it had been in his power to relieve.

The heart of youth is not easily despondent. Harry Landsmeire was full of confidence in his ultimate success. Sure in Jenny's love and trust, what other obstacles could he not surmount? Jenny's love — a love which had sprung up in the chance interviews which they had had from childhood up to the present period, until late rare intercourse, such as chance meetings in the busy streets, or the pleasant city suburbs, where Jenny had loved to wander, looking in wistfully at the gay gardens, affluent in their floral treasures, rare paradises to her girlish eyes, but not half so lovely as the wild hare-bells and primroses which Harry Landsmeire had gathered on the hill-side and the woodland, to which of late Jenny's footsteps had been beguiled to long walks in the untrammelled freedom which had been ever accorded her. Harry had never intimated to her the policy of secrecy in regard to the sweet hopes and aspirations which he had awakened in her heart, but instinctively Jenny knew that friendship with Harry Landsmeire would be interdicted, by her grand-father, at least; and without really intending to deceive him or her father, she yet delayed, from time to time, its announcement. Of his home, Harry spoke only of its indulgences, which Jenny should eventually share with him; but very little of his father's love; only about his mother's memory, who was dead, did there seem to hang any of that tenderness which linked Jenny Meads and her father in closest communion. Often had Harry wished his mother living, to know his sweet Jenny, and cherish her with him: but never of James Landsmeire; and now, with her grand-father's words, the dim fear of him which had vaguely haunted her all along, grew at once into an insurmountable barrier to her future happiness. Despair filled her heart with Harry's absence, and hastening to her little room, she gave way to a flood of tears; despondent, hopeless she wept, until the passing hours recalling her to herself, she bathed her swollen eyes and went about the preparation of the mid-day repast.

The old man still sat in the open door-way, his head drooped a little lower than usual, and his glance wandered from the page of the Bible lying on his knee, occasionally toward Jenny, as she moved languidly about her task. About the hour of John Meads' return, Thomas Cartwright saw that the men who were pouring in crowds homeward to their dinner, were all talking more or less earnestly together, and many were portioning off in little groups at the corners of the streets, with lowering, excited countenances. Soon John Meads came in, and threw himself into a seat, with a disheartened, troubled countenance. It was the old story of factory oppression, operatives' forced endurance; some new petty grievance, which trifling as it was seemingly, was to accrue greatly to the rich owner's benefit, greatly to the artisan's discomfort. James Landsmeire's name was chiefly connected with its execution. He had grown to be a powerful man in Leigh, but there were those

who remembered when he had been one amid them, and any fresh exaction came harder from him; notwithstanding his prosperity, he was the most unpopular man in all Lancashire.

Late in life he had married one far removed in position from his younger associates, but a gentle, womanly creature, whom his enemies said had ultimately died of disappointment, chilled by the complete void of the domestic happiness, upon which one constituted like her could alone exist. Harry was her only child, and in him centred all the human tenderness which James Landsmeire had ever been known to possess; but pride in his son was quite as predominant as affection. His mother had come of a good though impoverished family, and his own fortune was ample; therefore he looked forward to Harry's alliance with one equally well dowered with himself, as the legitimate continuation of the successful ambitious projects to which he had devoted his life.

Little he dreamed of that which had transpired that day in the home of Thomas Cartwright, the man whom he of all men hated most, for the very wrong which he had done him.

The opprobrium with which he knew the morning's fresh trespass on his operatives had invested him, had reached his ear and unusually irritated him, in the very hour when Harry, with the headlong impetuosity of youth which had never been checked by bitter disappointment, laid before him his plans and wishes for the future. The very audacity of his proposal struck James Landsmeire dumb in the onset, and gave the young man the opportunity to eloquently urge his suit: but all his eloquence availed him nothing; James Landsmeire was invulnerable on this point; he gave vent to nothing of the passionate anger which filled his heart, and its very suppression made him appear yet more immovable. Harry saw that he might beat his life out in futile attempts to break down the stubborn will that raised itself a barrier between him and his love. The passion burnt itself quickly out in his own breast, and settled into a determination just as stubborn as his opposer's; will met will, both iron-like. He would leave home forever; he would marry her whom he loved, if he wedded himself forever to the life which those very operatives led, whom his father was goading that day to desperation.

They were walking to-and-fro in the spacious grounds which surrounded their home, and the day was going down in a mellow light that came only dimly through the forest-trees that fringed the dense hawthorn-hedge, which shut them out from the streets in the suburbs of Leigh; James Landsmeire as secure in the athletic vigor of his age as the fiery youth whom he was goading to desperation. And thus they parted — parted for Eternity! Harry had just gained the terrace leading to the house, when he turned to look back, with a faint hope that he would not be permitted to go. No; James Landsmeire was passing on steadily in the opposite direction; no lingering farewell turned wistfully after him who was leaving him, perhaps forever, and the son turned bitterly away: a crashing sound — an awful echoing reverberation arrested his steps, and he saw the black smoke rising dense from the distant walk; with a wild shout he sprang back, and ran rapidly until

he gained the spot where had passed that retreating form : it lay still upon the turf, fallen over from the gravelled walk ; shot dead in his own grounds, without a passing prayer to God for mercy, there lay James Landsmeire ; and no human being but he who did the awful deed, ever knew who avenged on him the operatives of Leigh.

Far from thence, in a distant part of Lancashire, remote from its black remembrances, months afterward, Harry Landsmeire reared him a pleasant home : by his fire-side faded out the last days of Thomas Cartwright, looking on the days of Jenny, dowered with the wifely joy and bloom which he had pictured her mother's portion those by-gone hours in Leigh.

T O O U R A B S E N T L O V E D O N E .

BY MRS. PHRASE PALMER

TUNE: '*Do they miss me at Home?*'

I.

Yes, we miss thee at home, yes — we miss thee
 At morning, at noon-tide, at eve ;
 Still Memory encircles around thee,
 And yet she more closely doth cleave ;
 Yes, we miss thee, my love, oh ! we miss thee,
 When the 'good morning' kiss passes round,
 And the heart and the lip in sweet meeting
 In Love's early greetings abound.

II.

And oh ! what tender emotion
 We miss 'mid our worshipping throng,
 At our morning and evening devotion,
 Thy voice in our family song :
 And as oft round the Throne we are kneeling,
 And mingle in concert of prayer,
 Fond memory is ever revealing
 A long-cherished loved one not there.

III.

But we'll not weave a garland of sadness :
 Oh ! fain would we circle thy heart
 With the hope-speaking rainbow of gladness :
 And though our home-circle may part,
 We will sing of a home of reunion,
 'Sweet home,' where life's partings are o'er,
 Where in holy and blissful communion,
 We shall miss thee, our loved one, no more.

New-York, April, 1857.

A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

Mutiny on Salt Water — Picton's Persuaders — The Mic-Mac Camp — Indian Church-warden and Broker — Interior of a Wigwam — A Madonna — A Digression — Malcolm discharged An Indian Bargain — The Inn Parlor — Over the Bay — A Gigantic Dumb Waiter — Erebus — Newfoundland Coaster — Parting with Picton — On the Return.

PICTON drew off his mackintosh. 'Now, Sir,' said he to Malcolm, as he rose from his seat in the boat, his head gracefully inclined toward his starboard shirt-collar, his eyes pointed at the person addressed, and his two tolerably large fists, arrayed in order of battle within a few brief inches of the delinquent's features, 'did I understand you to say that you had some idea of taking this gentleman and myself to the other side of the bay?' There was a boy in our boat — a fair-haired, blue-eyed representative of Nova Scotia; a sea-boy, with a dash of salt-water in his ruddy cheeks, who had modestly refrained from taking part in the dispute.

'Come, now,' said he to Malcolm, 'pull away, and let us get the gentlemen up to the camp,' and he knit his boy brow with determination, as if he meant to have it settled according to contract.

'Yes,' said Picton, nodding at the boy, 'and if he do n't ——'

'I'm pullin', an't I,' quoth the descendant of King Duncan, suiting the action to the word; 'I'm a-pewlin,' and here his oar missed the water, and over he tumbled with a great splash in the bottom of the boat. 'I'm a pewlin,' he whined, as he regained his seat and the oar, 'and all I want is to hae my honest airnins.'

'Then pull away,' said Picton, as he resumed his seat in the stern-sheets.

'Ay,' quoth the Scotchman, 'I know the Mic-Macs weel, and thae squaws too; deil a one o' 'em but knows Malcolm ——'

'Pull away,' said the boy.

'They are guid-lookin', thae squaws, and I'm a batchelter; and I tell ye when I tak ye tull em — for I know the hail o' em — if ye are gentlemen, ye'll pay me my honest airnins.'

'And I tell you,' answered Picton, his fist clenched, his eye flashing again, and his indignant nostrils expressing a degree of anger language could not express; 'I tell you, if you do not carry us to the Mic-Mac camp without further words, I'll pay you your honest earnings before you get there: I'll punch that Scotch head of yours till it looks like a photograph!'

This threat had its effect: in a few minutes our boat ran bows-on up the clear pebbled beach before the Mic-Mac camp.

It was a little cluster of birch-bark wigwams, pitched upon a carpet

of greensward, just at the edge of one of the loveliest harbors in the world. The fog rolled away like the whiff of vapor from a pipe, and melted out of sight. Before us were the blue and violet waters, tinged with the hues of sun-set, the rounded, swelling, curving shores opposite, dotted with cottages; the long, sweeping, creamy beaches, the distant shipping, and, beyond, the great waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Nearer at hand were 'the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,' the tender green light seen in vistas of firs and spruces, the thin smoke curling up from the wigwams, the birch-bark canoes, the black, bright eyes of the children, the sallow faces of the men, and the pretty squaws, arrayed in blue, broad-cloth frocks and leggins, and modesty, and moccasins.

'Now, here we are,' said Malcolm triumphantly, 'and wha d' ye think o' the Mic-Macs? Deil a wan o' the yellow deevils but knows Malcolm, an I'll introjewee ye to the hail o' em.'

'Stop, Sir,' said Picton sternly, 'we want none of your company. You can take your boat back,' (here I nodded affirmatively,) 'and we'll walk home.' It was quite a picture, that of our oarsman, upon this summons to depart. He had just laid his hand upon the shoulder of a fat, good-natured looking squaw, to commence the introjeweing; one foot rested on the bottom of an overturned canoe, in an attitude of command; his old battered tarpaulin hat, his Guernsey shirt, and salt-mackerel trowsers, finely relieved against the violet-tinted water; but oh! how chop-fallen were those rugged features under that old tarpaulin!

The scene had its effect; I am sure Picton and myself would gladly have paid the quadruple sum on the spot — after all, it was but a trifle — for we both drew forth a sovereign at the same moment.

Unfortunately Malcolm had no change; not a 'hawbee.' 'Then,' said we, 'go back, and we'll pay you on our return.'

'And,' said Malcolm, in an unearthly whine that might have been heard all over the camp, 'd' ye get me here to take advantage o' me, and no pay me my honest airnins?'

'What the devil to do with this fellow, short of giving him a drubbing, I do not know,' said Picton. 'Here, you, give us change for a sovereign, or take yourself off and wait at the hotel till we get back again.'

'I canna change a sovereign, I tell ye ——'

'Then be off with you, and wait till we come back.'

'Wad ye send me away without my honest airnins?' he uttered, with a whine like the bleat of a bagpipe.

Picton drew a little closer to Malcolm, with one fist carefully doubled up and put in ambush behind his back. But the boy interposed — 'Perhaps the chief could change the sovereign.'

'Oh! ay,' quoth Malcolm, who had given an uneasy look at Picton as he stepped toward him; 'Oh! ay; I'se tak ye tull 'im;' and without further ado he stepped off briskly toward the centre of the camp, and we followed in his wake. When our file-leader reached the wigwam of the chief, he went down on hands and knees, lifted up a little curtain or blanket in front of the low door of the tent, crawled in head first, and we followed close upon his heels.

As soon as the eye became accustomed to the dim and uncertain light of the interior, we began to examine the curious and simple architecture of this human bee-hive. A circle of poles, say about ten feet in diameter at the base, and tied together to an apex at the top, covered with the thin bark of the birch-tree, except a space above to let out the smoke, was all the protection these people had against the elements in summer or winter. The floor, of course, was the primitive soil of Cape Breton; in the centre of the tent a few sticks were smouldering away over a little pile of ashes: the thin smoke lifted itself up in folds of blue vapor until it stole forth into the evening air from the opening in the roof. Through this aperture the light — the only light of the tent — came down upon the group below: the old chief with his great silver cross and medal and snow-white hair; the young and beautiful squaw with her pappoose at the breast, like a Madonna by Murillo; Malcolm's battered tarpaulin and Guernsey shirt; and the two unpicturesque objects of the party — Picton and myself. Around the central fire a broad, green border of fragrant hemlock twigs, extending to the skirts of the tent, was raised a few inches from the ground. Upon this couch we sat, and opened our business with the aged Sagamore.

Old Indian was very courteous; he drew forth a bag of clinking dollars, for strange as it may seem, he was a church-warden: the Mic-Macs being all Catholics, the chief holds the silver keys of St. Peter. But venerable and pious as he appeared, with his silver cross and silver hair, the old fellow was something too of a broker! He demanded a fair rate of commission — eight per cent premium on every dollar! Even this would not answer our purpose; it was as difficult to make change with the old church-warden as with Malcolm: there was no money in the camp except hard silver dollars.

I trust the reader will not find fault with the writer for dwelling upon these minute particulars. In this itinerary of the trip to the Acadian land, I have endeavored to portray, as faithfully as may be, the salient features of the country, and particularly those contrasts visible in the settlements; the jealous preservation of those dear, old, splendid prejudices, that separate tribe from tribe, clan from clan, sect from sect, race from race. I wish the reader to see and know the country as it is, not for the purpose of arousing his prejudices against a neighboring people, but rather with the intent of showing to what result these prejudices tend, in order that he may correct his own. A mere aggregation of tribes is not a great people. Take the human species in a state of sectionalism, and it does not make much difference whether in the shape of the Indian, proud of the blue and red stripes on his face, or the Scotchman, proud of the blue and red stripes on his plaid, the inferiority of the human animal, with his tribal sheep-mark on him, is evident enough to any person of enlarged understanding. Therefore I have been minute and faithful in describing the species McGibbet and Malcolm, and in contrasting them with the hardy fisherman of Louisburgh, the Mic-Macs of Sydney, the Negroes of Deer's Castle, the Acadians of Chizzetcook, and as we shall see anon with other

sectional specimens, just as they present their kaleidoscopic hues in the local settlements of this colony.

No change for a sovereign !

We went forth from the wigwam on all fours, and it was only by another promise of a sound drubbing that Malcolm was finally persuaded to drop off and leave us. We found him, however, at the inn-door on our return, in the cool of the evening, quiet as a lamb.

As we walked through the Mic-Mac camp we met our semi-civilized friend with the lozenge eyes, and I made a contract with him for a brief voyage on le Bras d'Or. But alas ! Indian will sometimes take a lesson from his white comrades ! Mic-Mac's charge at first was one pound for a trip of twenty-four miles on the 'Arm of Gold ;' cheap enough. But before we left the camp it was two pounds. That I agreed to pay. Then there was a portage of three miles, over which the canoe had to be carried. 'Well ?' 'And it would take two men to paddle.' 'Well ?' 'And then the canoe had to be paddled back.' 'Well ?' 'And then carried over the portage again.' 'Well ?' 'And so it would be four pounds !' Here the negotiations were broken off ; how much more it would cost I did not ascertain. The rate of progression was too rapid for further inquiry.

So we walked home again amid the fragrant resinous trees, until we gained the high road, and so by pretty cottages, and lawns, and picket fences ; sometimes meeting groups of wandering damsels with their young and happy lovers ; sometimes two's and three's of horse-women, in habits, hats, and feathers ; now catching a glimpse of the broad, blue harbor ; now looking down a green lane, bordered with turf and copse ; until we reached our comfortable quarters at Mrs. Hearn's, where the pretty chambermaid, with drooping eyes, welcomed us in a voice whose music was sweeter than the tea-bell she held in her hand.

Aboriginal certainly is the camp of the Mic-Macs. Change the costumes of the Indians themselves and you need no more ; the rest is in its pristine state. The birch-bark wigwams ; the canoes that lined the beach ; the paddles, the utensils ; the bows and arrows ; the parti-colored baskets, are independent of, are earlier than our arts and manufactures. So far as these people are concerned, the colonial government has been mild and considerate. Although there are game-laws in the Province, yet Mic-Mac has a privilege no white man can possess. At all seasons he may hunt a fish ; he may stick his *aishkun* in the salmon as it runneth up the rivers to spawn, and shoot the partridge on its nest, if he please, without fine and imprisonment. Some may think it better to preserve the game than to preserve the Indian ; but some think otherwise. For my part, when the question is between the man and the salmon, I am content to forego fish.

It is just a year since I was seated in that cosy inn-parlor at Sydney, and how strangely it all comes back again : the little window overlooking the harbor, the lights on the twinkling waters ; the old-fashioned house-clock in the corner of the room ; the bright brass andirons ; the cut paper chimney-apron ; the old sofa ; the cheerful lamp, and the well-polished table. And I remember too, the happy, tranquil feeling

of lying in the snow-white sheets at night, and talking with Picton of our over-land journey from Louisburgh; of McGibbet and Malcolm; and then we branched out on the great subject of Indian rights, and Indian wrongs; of squaws and papposes; of wigwams and canoes, until at last I dropped off in a doze, and heard only a repetition of Mic-Mac — Mic-Mac — Mic-Mac — Mic — Mac — Mic — Mac! To this day I am unable to say whether the sound I heard came from Picton, or the great house-clock in the corner.

Bright and early next morning we arose for an expedition across the bay to North-Sydney and the coal-mines. A fresh breakfast in a sunny room, a brisk walk to the breezy, grass-grown parapets, that defend the harbor; a thought of the first expedition to lay down the telegraph line between the old and new hemispheres, for here lie the coils of sub-marine cable, as they were left after the stormy essay of the steamer 'James Adger,' a year before — what a theme for a poet!

'PERHAPS in this neglected spot is laid
Some spark, now dormant, of electric fire;
News, that the board of brokers might have swayed,
Or broke the banks that trembled with the wire.'

And we take an airy seat on the poop-deck of the little English steamer, and are wafted across the harbor, five miles, to a small sea-port, where coal-schutes and railways run out over the wharfs, and coasters, both fore-and-aft and square-rigged, are gathered in profusion. A glass of English ale at a right salt-sea tavern, a bay-horse, and two-wheeled 'jumper' for the road, and away we roll toward the mines. Now up hill and down; now passing another Mic-Mac camp on the green margin of the beach; now by trim gardens without flowers; now getting nearer to the mines, which we know by the increasing blackness of the road; until at last we bowl past rows of dingy tenements of brick, with miners' wives and children clustered about them like funereal flowers; until we see the forges and jets of steam, and davits uplifted in the air; and hear the rattle of the iron trucks and the rush of the coal as it runs through the schutes into the rail-cars on the road beneath. We tie our pony beside a cinder-heap, and mount a ladder to the level of the huge platform above the shaft. A constant supply of small hand-cars come up with demoniac groans and shrieks from the bowels of the earth through the shaft. These are instantly seized by the laborers and run over an iron floor to the schute, where they are caught in titanic trammels, and overturned into harsh thunder. Meanwhile the demon car-bringer has sunk again on its errand; the suspending rope wheeling down with dizzy swiftmess. As one car-bearer descends, another rises to the surface with its twin wheel-vessels of coal. 'Would you like to go down?' 'How far down?' 'Sixty fathoms.' Three hundred and sixty feet! Think of being suspended by a thread from a height twice that of Trinity's spire, and whirled into such a depth by steam! We crawled into the little iron box, just large enough to allow us to sit up with our heads against the top; both ends of our parachute being open, the operator presses down a bar, and instantly the earth and sky disappear, and we are wrapt in utter darkness. Oh! how sickening is this sinking feeling! Down — down — down! What

a gigantic dumb-waiter ! Down, down, a hot gust of vapor — a stifling sensation — a concussion upon the iron floor at the foot of the shaft ; a multitude of twinkling lamps, of fiends, of grimy faces, and no bodies — and we are in a coal mine.

There was a black funereal seat for visitors, sculptured out of the coal, just beyond the shaft, and to this we were led by the carbonadoed fiends. My heart beat violently. I do not know how it went with Picton, but we were both silent as mice. Oh ! for a glimpse of the blue sky and waving trees above us, and a long breath of fresh air !

As soon as the stifling sensation passed away, we breathed more freely, and the lungs became accustomed to the subterranean atmosphere. In the gloom we could see the smutted features only, of miners moving about, and to heighten the Dantesque reality, new and strange sounds, from different parts of the enormous cavern, came pouring toward the common centre — the shaft of the coal-pit.

These were the laden cars on the tram-ways, drawn by invisible horses, from the distant works in the mine, rolling and reverberating through the infernal aisles of this devil's cathedral. One could scarcely help recalling the old grand-father of Maud's Lord-lover :

' ——— lately died,
Gone to a *blackier pit*, for whom
Grimy nakedness, dragging his trucks,
And laying his trams, *in a poisoned gloom*
Wrought, till he crept from a gutted mine
Master of half a servile shire,
And left his coal all turned into gold
To a grandson, first of his noble line.'

Intermingled with these sounds were others, the jar and clash of gateways, the dripping and splashing of water, the rolling thunder of the ascending and descending iron parachutes in the shaft, the tramping of horses, the distant treport of powder-blasts, and the shrill jargon of human speakers, near yet only partially visible.

'Is it a clear day over-head ?' said the black bust of one of the miners, with a lamp in its *hat* !

Just think of it ! We had only been divorced from the aerial blue of a June sky a minute before. Our very horse was so high above us that we could distinguish him only by the aid of a telescope — that is, if the solid ribs of the globe were not between us and him.

As soon as we became accustomed to the place, we moved off after the foreman of the mine. We walked through the miry tram-ways under the low, black arches, now stepping aside to let an invisible horse and car, 'grating harsh thunder,' pass us in the murky darkness ; now through a door-way, momentarily closed to keep the foul and clear airs separate, until we came to the great furnace of the mine that draws all the noxious vapors off from this nest of Beelzebub. Then we went to the stable where countless horses are stalled — horses that never see the light of day again, or if they do, are struck blind by the apparition ; now in wider galleries, and new explorations, where we behold the busy miners, twinkling like the distant lights of a city, and hear the thunder-burst, as the blast explodes in the murky chasms. At last,

tired, oppressed, and sickened with the vast and horrible prison, for such it seems, we retrace our steps, and once more enter the iron parachute. A touch of the magic lever, and again we fly away; but now upward, upward to the glorious blue sky and air of mother earth. A miner with his lamp accompanies us. By its dim light we see how rapidly we spin through the shaft. Our car clashes again at the top, and as we step forth into the clear sunshine, we thank God for such a bright and beautiful world up stairs!

'Do you know,' said I, 'Picton, what we would do if we had such a devil's pit as that in the States?'

'Well?' answered the traveller, interrogatively.

'We would make niggers work it.'

'I dare say,' replied Picton, dryly and satirically; 'but, Sir, I am proud to say that our government does not tolerate barbarity; to consign an inoffensive fellow-creature to such horrible labor, merely because he is black, is at variance with the well-known humanity of the whole British nation, Sir.'

'But those miners, Picton, were black as the devil himself.'

'The miners,' replied Picton, with impressive gravity, 'are black, but not negroes.'

'Nothing but mere white people, Picton?'

'Eh?' said the traveller.

'Only white people, and therefore we need not waste one grain of sympathy over a whole pit full of them.'

'Why not?'

'Because they are not niggers: what is the use of wasting sympathy upon a rat-hole full of white British subjects?'

'I tell you what it is,' said Picton, 'you are getting personal.'

'Not at all, my good friend; I am only talking of British subjects in the abstract; you understand — this is always the way with talking philanthropists, and it reminds me of a story: in the course of my travels, I once met with a queer couple — representatives of your nation and mine. The Yankee was a tall compound of skin and whale-bone; the Englishman a small, wiry animal, with red hair, and eyes like a ferret. Yankee bent over him like an elm over a scrub oak. So far as the divine influence of the grape was concerned they were about equal. 'I tell you what it is, Johnny Bull,' said the altitudinous one, 'There's one thing I want you to remember as a gen'ral prinsple: you can take any one Yankee, (laying the fore-finger of his right hand on the thumb of his left,) and put him before any two Englishmen, (carrying his right fore-finger to the first and second fingers of his left hand,) and he'll whip 'em both.'

'Ye think so, d'ye?' said the ferret-eyed.

'Yes, Sir; you can bet your life on that, as a gen'ral prinsple. Take any one Yankee, (thumb,) and any two live Englishmen, (two fingers,) and he can whip 'em so quick you would n't have time to say Ba-laam!'

'Ye think so, d'ye?' said the ferret-eyed, getting restive.

'Yes, Sir; I *know it*; you can bet your life on it.'

“Well, Sir,” replied the little fellow, squaring his yards, “you are a Yankee, and I’m an Englishman — only *one* Englishman — suppose you try me?”

“Oh! look here, Johnny Bull,” replied the altitudinous, drooping over him, “I did n’t mean any thing personal; I only meant it as an abstract thing — as a gen’ral prinsple: take any two Englishmen, (two fingers,) and any one Yankee, (thumb,) and he’ll whip ‘em quicker ‘n you can say ‘scat!’ I mean, of course, as a gen’ral prinsple.”

We were now rolling past the dingy tenements again. Squalid-looking, care-worn women, grimy children:

‘To me there’s something touching, I confess,
In the grave look of early thoughtfulness,
Seen often in some little childish face,
Among the poor;’

But these children’s faces are not such. A child’s face — God bless it! should always have a little sunshine in its glance; but these are mere staring faces, without expression, that make you shudder and feel sad. Miners by birth; human moles fitted to burrow in darkness for a life-time. Is it worth living for? No wonder those swart laborers underground are so grim and taciturn; no wonder there was not a face lighted up by those smoky lamps in the pit, that had one line of human sympathy left in its rigidly engraved features!

But we must have coal, and we must have cotton. The whole plantations of the South barely supply the press with paper; and the messenger of intelligence, the steam-ship, but for coal could not perform its glorious mission. What is to be done, Picton? If every man is willing to give up his morning paper, wear a linen shirt, cross the ocean in a clipper-ship, and burn wood in an open fire-place, something might be done.

As Picton’s steamer (probably fog-bound) had not yet arrived in Sydney, nor had the ‘Balaklava,’ the Traveller determined to take a Newfoundland brigantine for St. John’s, from which port there are vessels to all parts of the world. After leaving horse and jumper with the inn-keeper, we took a small boat to one of the many queer-looking, high-pooed crafts in the harbor, and very soon found ourselves in a tiny cabin, paneled with maple, in which the captain and some of the men were busy over a pan of savory *lobscouse*, a salt-sea dish of great reputation and flavor. Picton soon made his agreement with the captain for a four days’ sail (or more) across to the neighboring Province, and his luggage was to be on board the next morning. Once more we sailed over the bay of Sydney, and regained the pleasant shelter of our inn, and after a pensive segar parted for the night. I had engaged passage in a stage for a long ride, by the Bras d’Or Lake. At two o’clock in the morning (daylight) I left Picton, with a hearty hand-shake of farewell. Then I turned my face homeward, by the way of the Bras d’Or, Canseau, Halifax, Windsor, the Gaspereau, Grand-pré, and the Basin of Minas. Now for the Acadien Land and Home, sweet Home!

S O N G

BY ROBERT PHILIPS.

TUNE: '*Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.*'

I.

My bonnie lassie 's far awa',
 And life wi' me drags sair and weary,
 Nae lightsome joy is in it a',
 Till I again maun see my deary.
 The gay birds sing on ilka tree,
 The brook gaes onward, dancin', singin':
 Each sang o' Nature 's fu' o' glee,
 But a' my heart wi' grief is ringin'.
 Over hill and over dale,
 And o'er the muir sae dark and dreary,
 My weary soul gaes greeting sair
 For ane I lo'e, my ain, my deary.

II.

I count na' weeks, I count na' days,
 I count na' hours sae dark and dreary:
 I only count my ain heart-beats,
 Till I again maun see my deary.
 She 's fair as ony simmer flower,
 Her voice as sweet as winds at even:
 Her merry laugh 's a joy to me,
 And aye her e'e 's a glimpse o' Heaven.
 Over hill and over dale,
 And o'er the muir sae dark and dreary,
 My weary soul gaes greeting sair
 For ane I lo'e, my ain, my deary.

III.

Her very step, sae light and free,
 Her merry sang sae blithe and cheery;
 Her every look is dear to me
 When absence parts me from my deary.
 Though time may dim those een sae bright,
 And a' youth's gowden chords may sever,
 To me, through life, till death's dark night,
 She 'll aye be young and dear as ever.
 Over hill and over dale
 And o'er the muir sae dark and dreary,
 My weary soul gaes greeting sair
 For ane I lo'e, my ain, my deary.

Alexandria, Rapides Parish, (La.,) June, 1837.

The Hut.

BY HENRY J. BRENT.

Book Second.

CHAPTER THIRD.

HAD the gods ever breakfasted on ham and fresh eggs with Indian-meal bread at my Hut, thither they would have removed their seat of empire and forever after feasted on the cooking of old Mary. Could they have reposed in the rich morning after the first fast-breaking of the day, beneath the rude and rustic porch that fronted upon the river, and smoked the same segars, whose smoke I wafted in the air, this little rise of ground would have become their Olympus, and no longer would Juno have driven abroad in her chariot, drawn by the regal pea-fowls, but have devoted all of her divine wisdom to the cultivation of poultry, whose province it is, to supply a country gentleman's larder with the freshest of edibles and the most delightful of fries. Here the mythology, more human than divine, of the old Greeks and the early Romans, might have lived, nor died, but sacred in the groves about, have held perpetual joy in their grasp, and freed from the care of government, yielded into better hands, have made even Bacchus a member of a temperance society, and Venus herself a well-behaved country girl.

So thought I as I waited the saddling of my horse after my hearty meal was done; and the garden grounds before me lay like a queen's robe, interwoven with leaves; and the old trees were whispering to each other, and the bees, too, were muttering their busy song of honeyed labor; and has not labor of all kinds some sweetness in it like to theirs, we alone carrying the sting of discontent within our hearts? And when my good and sturdy horse was brought to me, with his long mane flowing, and his eyes beaming intelligence, I stood awhile and inhaled in one deep breath the whole scene once more. It was as delicious to me then as that first kiss of which poets sing, or the first sensation of a deeper knowledge, when the poet's song becomes the prose man's reality and life holds out a boon that Heaven itself instructs us to enjoy.

The honest Sampson holds the rein and pats my horse, who gently champs his bit and awaits his duty. But not thus must I go away without a leave-taking of old Mary, and bidding Sampson throw the bridle over the paling-top, he and I go in together, where the kitchen-fire sparkles as is its wont, and Mary sits, or shuffles round, the humble mistress of the pleasant household scene. Though I had kept her husband from her one whole night, wandering with me, Sancho like, in quest of windmills and damsels of desponding temperaments, still she had not reproached me, and when I made my appearance, and my manner indicated the farewell purpose of my visit, a smile half of sadness and half of pleasure, passed over her gentle features, and as I took her

old hand and held it firmly in my grasp, I found that she was moved by some powerful emotion, and tears honestly and undisguisedly stood upon her cheeks.

The negro weeps easily, for the negro feels easily; for troubled with no ambition, or contest for supremacy, to him is reserved the simple privilege of sorrowing over trifles and sharing in the smallest sympathies; and I was not surprised, after what the priest had told me, to find the good old woman giving way to feelings, that while I did not completely understand them, I at least knew were of importance in her mind. 'What is it, Mary, that makes you cry?' said I abruptly, for again with the negro you must have no preface.

She looked steadily at me, and said: 'Is young Massa sure now he's coming back again? Sure now you aint scared at them ghosts in the old tower, where you slept the first night you come?'

'As certain of coming back, Mary, almost as I am that I am going away this morning; and when I do come back I shan't use the room in the tower, but take the one down stairs next to the old parlor. But do you really want me to come back so much that you are sad at the thought at my being prevented coming back?'

'Deed I is. Some body must buy de old place, and it's great deal better for a gentleman to buy it dan dese poor white trash that's going round buying de old farms when de white folks is all dead or gone somewhere else. I did fear that Colonel Blackford was comin' back again to settle here. He'd just as leave buy dis old place as look at it. He aint got de right feelings any way, young Massa.'

'Do n't talk foolish, old woman,' interrupted Sampson; 'Colonel Blackford aint been heard of now for good many years, and praps he's dead and buried 'fore now. Young Massa's got his mind fixed on de place, and he's gwing to have it; and Colonel Blackford aint no whar round, and can't have it no how.'

I stood totally uninformed of the meaning of this new difficulty. Who was this dreaded Colonel Blackford? and how was he associated with the fears of this old and faithful friend of the Hut and its associations? No time now for questioning; and independent of the want of time, I had a natural repugnance to discover any thing by interrogating these humble dependents, who, whether right or wrong, might feel obliged to give me answers to questions that in the end might involve personal confidences into which I could possibly have no right to intrude; so fearing a revelation, I rather forbore than urged a continuation of the topic, that to my mind, involved matters of so much delicacy; for from Mary's manner, and indeed from Sampson's too, I could not fail to draw the conclusion, that in some way or another Colonel Blackford was identified with the history of the Danbreys. There is a homely wisdom of more importance than we are apt to imagine in withholding your family secrets from your servants; but far more important is it to refrain from asking them to divulge the knowledge they have obtained by accident of association with their superiors. It should never be done designedly, though it is impossible under certain circumstances not to become possessed of facts through their connivance. By indulging the propensity of investigation through their agency, you make spies of them,

and to please us, they watch those they think we want watched, and this compliance springs from a natural desire to please those who have the power to afford or withhold from them indulgences. This maxim does not by any means apply exclusively to black dependents, but as experience too sadly proves, it is as pertinent, if not more so, to the class of white servitors, to whose assistance our Northern brethren are constrained to apply in all their domestic necessities. The observance of the rule involves a duty of delicacy to others as well as of protection to ourselves. Having got through with this short and trite sermon, for which housekeepers I hope will not hold me offensive, I will pick up the dropped thread of my narrative.

Mary did not appear completely satisfied with her good lord's assurances of my fixed determination to become the owner of the 'Hut,' and there was something else she wanted to assure herself of ere I took my departure for the city. That something was about my ability and desire to retain them in the old homestead.

• 'Young Massa musent laugh because I had a dream night afore last, and it come back agin last night, and 'deed I can't tell but what it's real true, for de last time I wasent in bed at all, but sitting up in de old chair and waiting : I dreamt I seed him standing jist there, with his hat on his head and pulled down over his eyes like jist as he always did, and he looked all round de kitchen, and den he walked straight up to de fire-place and stood dere a minit watching de fire burn, and den he poked de fire, and de fire went off jist like a ducking gun, and he stepped back quicker dan lightning ; when he stepped back he raised his head up and looked right at de place where de gun and pistols is, as if he thought dey really had fired off at him, and when he see de pistols, he stretched his arm out and grabbed like at em, but he couldnt touch em some how or anoder, and when he couldnt take hold of em, he frowned and stamped on the floor and walked straight out of de door, and I saw him go in de front room, for I follered him, I did ; and he sat down and throwed his hat on de table and looked right up at old Misses of all's picter, and you never saw sich a look as he had on his face when he did that. He kept looking at de picter, and bime-by the picter turned its eyes right straight at him, and such bright eyes nobody ever seed before.

'I was mighty scared, but I couldnt get away, and he seemed jist as scared as I was, for he tried to get up from his chair, but he couldnt, for old Misses of all kept him fixed, and his face got as white as de owl's face in winter-time, and his hair rose right up, and den, bless your soul, she shook her head sorrowful-like and closed her eyes, and if you believe me, Massa, she cried like a baby—so it seemed any how. Den he jumped sudden like out of de chair and struck de table and out of de room again, and through the passage and up into de ole room in de tower, and I arter him to stop him, for I didnt want him to go in dere any how, for dat was Miss Emily's room ; but he pushed de door open and in he went, and right straight to de picter dere of poor Mass Richard, and jist as he was going to strike it with his doubled fist, I saw Mass Richard turn right out from de wall, jist as big and young as he ober was, and he never moved funder dan de bed-side. Mass Richard

kind of smiled, but it was a sort of angry smile; but when he turned and seed me dere, he jist raised his hand and took hold of de old curtains and looked on de bed, jist as if he thought some body mout be laying down on it; and when de oder one saw him do dat, he tried to catch hold of de oder curtain and cover de bed up so dat Mass Richard couldnt look at it, and when he tried to do dat, dat is when he jist touched de curtain, Mass Richard let go his side and struck him and down he fell on the floor, with the blood all spouting on the carpeting. I couldnt stand dat, but screamed right out and waked up. O LORD a mercy, Massa! I tell you somein's gwing to happen.'

There was something so very queer in this dream of Mary's, something that absolutely corresponded with some vague surmises of my own, that for a while I could not shake off the feeling of superstition with which it inspired me.

There she stood, with her face expressive of as much paleness as was consistent with her original complexion, and every muscle, or rather wrinkle of her time-worn countenance, exhibiting the amount of nervous excitement in which the mere recital of her vision had thrown her; and old Sampson seemed to share the effort at a change of hue, and also to sympathize somewhat in the nervous commotion of his better half.

'He's a coming,' resumed old Mary, after she had taken a breathing spell; 'I tell you, Sampson, he's a coming, and what I want young Massa to do is jist sit down and write on a piece of paper somethin' 'bout his gwing to buy de place, Hut, and us two old folks, and all. Do sit down now and write, jist to keep other folks from stopping round here, dat's all, Massa.'

The vague apprehension entertained by Mary, that there was some body's arrival foreshadowed by her dream, boding trouble to herself and some to me, affected me just enough to induce me to comply with her request to write such a line as would at least convey the idea of a prior right of purchase, from the fact of my having examined the premises and expressed a determination to become the proprietor. Having done this and intrusted the note to her, with her assurance that she would show it to Father Thomas when he called, as likely he would before my return, I shook the quieted old lady once more by the hand and proceeding to the door mounted my horse, and was on the point of bidding Sampson good-by also, when that worthy gentleman said that he would, if I would allow him, walk by my horse's side and accompany me a short distance on my journey; and so we started, and as I looked down upon my companion, so aged and with a head so white, I felt inclined to dismount and ask him to take my easy seat, while I, blessed with youth and strength, could take his place upon the ground, and catch even from his uneducated lips lessons of truth, some spark that philosophy and religion had not as yet extracted from the unexplored stratas of humanity. But when again my eyes roamed over his broad shoulders and stalwart form, I felt that it would be almost an offence to compare myself with him in ability of endurance; and the suggestion of his being capable of fatigue would sound to his ears more like a joke than an assurance of sympathy, and so I kept my place in my saddle and the old man kept his place by my horse's side, (no slow

walker either was my nag,) swinging his knotted stick before and behind him as he strode on with a steady tramp. The road was the same path by which through the dim night I had first approached the Hut, and after a while we were completely lost in the dense forest, that glorious primeval forest, which seemed to spread with a boundless life in every direction from the lone fabric of logs where I had spent so few but such eventful hours.

In the midst of scenery no matter how composed, whether of woodland simplicity, of river light, or rocky ravine, of mountain grandeur and streams like lightning flashing over their brows, or by the great ocean's rim, where motion is but the monotone of music, I cannot speak — I can but think, and though nothing was around me but the stems of trees, beautiful stems, spotted with the mossy livery of Nature's free breezes and her gales and grasses, browning in the autumn frosts, and old gray rocks with vines creeping over them, with the sun-beams piercing, like spears, the deep recesses of the forest-aisles, a dreamy drowsiness of body and of mind came over me, and dropping the reins upon the horse's neck, I allowed him to get along as he best might, not checking him when he stepped away from the path to forage upon a blooming bough that tempted like a food of gems and flowers, or hurrying him when he stopped to reach at some green spot where the fresh grass lured him with its dewy treasure. Where the path narrowed, old Sampson either preceded or followed me, and thus we went along in



THE BLOODY PATH.

silence through the woods. We had proceeded in this manner for probably more than a mile, when suddenly we came upon a comparatively open space. Here the trees were distributed more like the pleasure-

grounds of a mansion, and through a vista I could see the river sweeping gracefully among the walnuts and sycamores that grew along its banks. The moment I came upon this particular scene I was impressed with the idea of its familiarity. Running back, no matter how many years, I could fix no date to this acquaintance. Passing through space and counting the past by centuries, the farther I went back the distincter to my mind was the fact that this spot with all its minor spots was perfectly and completely known to me. It is true that only once before in this span called present life had I been there, and that was when, two nights previous, I had undoubtedly passed it, blundering in the dimness of the night. Why had not this weird feeling come over me then? That question I could not then and I cannot answer now. At that moment, when I saw it bathed in the full sun-light, I could, it so seemed to me, and it was only seeming, have gone over it in perfect safety, blindfolded, avoiding that rock and this tree, and keeping away from this and that clump of bushes or fall of bank. On the right was a noble rock that appeared to have uprisen from a ridge hidden beneath the accumulated soil, and over it stood trees whose shadows spotted the mosses upon its flinty surface. The pathway led directly around the projecting point of this gray old boulder and farther on were clumps of trees, and then, as I said before, was the river, and through another opening as we advanced farther on our way, I could see the huge barrier of granite that overhung the rapids.

Sampson was in advance a few paces, and when we reached the gateway as it were to this scene, that to my memory was so well known, he stopped suddenly, and putting his hand upon my bridle, arrested the progress of my horse. The old man seemed overcome by a species of awe, and in a deep voice, different from his usual tone, he said as he pointed to the path beneath his feet: 'Massa, this is a bloody road.' I must confess that for the moment I looked toward the beaten sod, expecting to see a literal illustration of the remark. After he had secured my momentary attention he moved onward, but with a slow and apprehensive step, as if he really expected some foe to spring up from among the ferns and smite him to the earth. I followed in the same manner, without the physical apprehension, but still with a mysterious sentiment of awe, in which was mingled the dim past and the singular present. Just as we turned the angle of the rock we both were startled by the figure of a man walking from us, but in the same path we were pursuing. Though his back was toward us, I could see that he held his head down, and stepped as if he was measuring a distance or looking for some object in his road. He evidently had not noticed our approach. Before I could recover the surprise into which the sudden appearance of the stranger had thrown me, he turned abruptly, with his right hand elevated in the air, and suddenly as he turned he exclaimed as if answering a question: '*Ready!*' As he spoke, his eye took in the group that was advancing toward him, a slight shade of embarrassment passed across his face — and what a face it was! — and without a word of salutation or a farther look of inquiry, he passed rapidly up the pathway and turning afterward into the wood, entirely disappeared.

'Mary was right, any how!' exclaimed Sampson. 'That was him, really, Massa.'

'Who, in the name of HEAVEN, Sampson?'

Without answering me, the old negro turned away, and appeared engaged in a sort of pantomimic act of astronomy. Puzzled at his movements, and annoyed at his silence, I was about speaking with some warmth, when he again addressed me:

'Massa, your eyes is younger than mine; see what that is on the big rock by the rapids.'

I looked, and there I could distinctly see the figure of a man. He was perched upon the very brink of the cliff, and as he stood in the broad light of the clear sky, I saw that it was Benny Brown, *Oga-kanin*, the Indian! I told Sampson the result of my observation, and he simply said:

'Benny is on the watch.'

CHAPTER FOURTH.

YES, there was Benny Brown, the Indian, perched upon one of those lofty crags that frowned down upon the rapids, and where my baptized rock was situated. The position of the Indian was such that he could embrace an extended view of lowland locality, and now I recalled what Sampson had told me on our walk of the previous morning, relative to Benny's keeping his watch on that rock for some vague purpose. The mystery was gradually clearing off, and I obtained a dim glimpse of something, that among many other somethings, had given me no little perplexity.

And now, when Sampson pointed the old man out to me, a gleam of almost malignant joy pervaded the negro's face, and I could see a sudden clenching of the hands, as if a powerful nervous sensation had taken possession of him; and so evident were these exhibitions, combined with the sudden appearance and singular actions of the individual who had intercepted and then vanished from our path, that I could not but demand of Sampson what this whole affair meant. The fact is, I was getting heartily tired of all these queer doings and unexplained movements, and so I called my sable companion to my horse's side, and said:

'My good friend, will you be kind enough to let me a little into all this matter? First tell me who this Colonel Blackford is, and what he was doing when we came up with him; and then tell me why that venerable and worthy Indian feels himself called upon to air himself on yonder comfortable rock.'

'What o'clock is it, Massa?' asked Sampson, without taking immediate notice of my questions.

I told him, and awaited with more than Indian patience the more than negro delay of my rather annoying source of intelligence.

'If Massa wants to hear all about who Colonel Blackford is, and all about old Benny's sitting up dere on de rock, like a chicken-hawk watching de hen-coops, young Massa neber will get to where he's going to-night. Come back to de Hut, Massa; 'deed Massa'd better come

'long back ; and den I will tell all about de old folks and de old times. Dis is a bloody path, Massa ; yes, dis very path, Massa, is worse haunted, so dey all say, dan de old bed-room in de tower, as you call it, though to tell the truth, I do n't blieve dat he comes back here as much as de one we first seed here.'

'Then there was a duel on this spot, Sampson ?'

'Deed dere was, and dat man you jist seed turn round and say 'Ready!' was de one dat came away alive : but Massa, it's a long story, and if you can't go back I really must, for dat man has gone right straight to de Hut, and he's going to give trouble, and he'll scare old Mary nearly to death. Do come back, please, Massa ; to-morrow 'll do just as well for you to leave, and it will be all de better any how.'

It was true that the morning had worn farther toward mid-day than I could have wished, considering that I was to travel so great a distance before I could reach the end of my journey, and as one day would make no essential difference, and possibly something wrong might happen, which if I remained I could prevent, I determined to accede to Sampson's proposition and return with him, and so again we set about retracing our steps ; but before I did so, I tarried long enough to impress physically upon my mind the scene which had so singularly addressed itself to me upon my first beholding it. Sampson seemed to understand my desire, nor did he appear anxious to quit the spot immediately.

There is something in a scene of blood that thrills through all our wondering nature and stirs the musing meditation into the highest exercise of imagination. Marathon, the lone and sterile defile, will to the poetic wanderer's brain, bristle again with Athenian swords and wave with the silken banners of the Asian foe. Waterloo, the public and the fertile vale, whenever the curious traveller wanders over its fields of grass or plots of grain, is re-peopled with conflicting England and Imperial France ; and fancy revives Napoleon, gazing through his battle-glass at the fierce charges of the Scotch Grey cavalry, and brings back that little eagle-nosed hero, who calmly waited night or Blucher, while round him fell heroes to patience and martyrs to discipline. And so, as I stood on this minor scene of war, where two social combatants had met alone to fight their quarrel out, and where one had fallen in the path that had so quietly conducted him through sylvan scenes of loveliness to a spot of paradisiacal beauty, a tide of sentiment, half heroic and half of horror, filled my soul ; and then, when I reflected that it was my fate so suddenly to come upon the survivor, pantomiming on the very spot where he had once stood, pistol in hand, where he had levelled his weapon, gleaming over its barrel with an eye of hate, and had heard the double report, and witnessed the single death, all my thoughts became, if I may so express myself, exaggerated, and took a flight of fancy, tipping their pinions with blood, and darkening them too with the smoke of the dread personal combat.

Who had fallen by the hand of this Colonel Blackford, was the next question ; and why should Colonel Blackford startle my two humble friends with such fears at the thought of his presence and of his becom-

ing the possessor of this property? What was the meaning of that half-wakeful dream of old Mary, about some body coming into her kitchen, and then going up into the bed-room, where he met with the dead Richard Danbrey standing by the curtained bed; and whose portrait he would have struck, that portrait painted in the old pastoral style, with sheep grazing, and Emily, the wife shepherdess with him, both happy in the simple eclogueism of the painter's work.

As I was upon the point of withdrawing from the scene, I raised my eyes once more toward the crag on which the Indian kept his watch, but in vain I sought his figure in its place. It was gone. I indicated this absence of the sentinel to Sampson, and my only answer was:

'Benny's seen him.'

Then Sampson commenced in earnest his return to the Hut, and for that purpose we wheeled upon our path. In doing so, we were obliged to pass exactly over the spot where I had seen Colonel Blackford turn so suddenly with uplifted arm, and had heard him utter that prompt announcement, 'Ready.' *I could not but stop exactly where he had stood*, and scan the immediate features of the locality; and as I did so, the same vague sentiment of former presence returned upon me, and I could now almost believe that I had witnessed the fatal duel between Colonel Blackford and Richard Danbrey, for I could but know that it was he who had fallen; nor was I surprised when Sampson, in his simple language, explained to me a singular circumstance of the meeting that probably determined the fate of the unfortunate Richard. Indeed when I alit from my horse, with an almost morbid curiosity, and measured the distance and listened to the negro's description, I almost expected to find the tall blade of grass by which Blackford had sighted on his antagonist, and by whose intervening linear interposition he had been enabled to secure a deliberate aim. But that stem of grass had withered long ago, and in its place grew other stems, as around the whole circumstance had doubtless sprung other thoughts and conjectures, giving place to those that brought the combatants together, and which had separated them so fatally.

'Massa,' exclaimed Sampson, looking up suddenly, and pointing in the direction of the river, 'yonder comes Benny Brown, and he's working hard to come quick.'

I looked as Sampson's finger indicated, and for some time I could distinguish nothing save the gently-moving boughs and the huge forms of some heavy clouds that had commenced to pile themselves up against the sky with an ominous expression of an autumn storm.

At length I saw an object advancing across the river, and which I at once made out to be Benny in his canoe, that thing as inevitable in aboriginal economy as the dog, the pipe, or the copper complexion itself. The stream, as well as the forest, is the domain of the child of Nature, and from both he derives the means of his existence and the sources of his savage pleasures. Down the stream the canoe was glancing, needing only the poising weight of the Indian to steady it in its rapid course. The grounds lay flat along the margin of the stream, and I could see the trees that dotted the cow-pasture below the 'Hut.'

though the Hut itself was out of view. Thus it was that we held the Indian under our eyes almost from the moment that he launched his boat near the foot of the rapids, where I now understood from Sampson he was in the habit of keeping it, for the convenience of his piscatory occupations. After he had been borne upon his course for some distance by the force of the rapids, it became necessary for him to use the paddle, which he did with dexterous skill, and almost as swift as the arrow of a chief flew the bark, driven by the muscular arm of Oga-ka-nin, over the bosom of the river. While I was observing in silence the movements of the Indian, a deep thunder-peal broke from the dark mass of vapor that had by this time scaled the zenith. The boat at that instant was lost behind a group of trees, and Sampson led on in the direction where we had lost sight of it. This course led us out of the path by which we had come and by which we were proposing to return, and though there were no traces of a road, I felt certain that Sampson would not attempt to lead me where I could not follow. His object was to intercept the Indian, and now that some leading thought occupied the old man's mind, he pushed forward with energy. We had proceeded some distance, without either of us speaking, when suddenly my companion stopped, and pointing to a clump of trees that stood some fifty yards from us, muttered, rather to himself than to me :

'I wonder now if that old darkie is there too?'

'You mean your friend Mike, the carpenter, don't you?'

'Yes, Massa. They hunts together sometimes, but I aint certain 'bout Benny's letting Mike go along with him this time.' But while he spoke, the Indian himself came out of the clump of trees, and with his rifle in his hand, advanced to meet us. His dress was the same as that which I have described before, and the same tranquil look was there, though I thought I could detect in the firmly compressed mouth, some indication of a task to be fulfilled, or some strong desire to be gratified.

He came directly up to me, and stopped ; and as he did so, I bent over from my saddle and offered him my hand.

'Your boat, Benny, is swift.'

'It is swift when the arm is strong and the heart is stronger,' and he looked at Sampson with an expression of inquiry, and Sampson answered it by pointing toward the place where we had met Colonel Blackford.

That Colonel Blackford was the cause of the Indian's visit, was apparent, but I was determined to prevent, if possible, any personal attack, by the Indian, upon him. The old grudge had not died out in Oga-ka-nin's breast, nor had the old gratitude left the memory of the suffering Benny, when in the time long past, in the time when the tempest had strewn the forest and the fields with the deep, dangerous snow, Richard Danbrey's wife, the Emily of the good priest's prayers, bore to him aid, and ministered to his sufferings, when he was all alone on the bleak mountain-side. That watch upon the far over-looking rock was for the slayer of the man that the ministering woman of mercy had so loved, and the wrong done by the deed of the duel, fair and

honorable according to the system of such contests, as it might be, was still a deed that plunged his benefactress into a life-long sorrow, and there was nothing left to the Indian's gratitude, but the Indian's vengeance.

Few were the words that passed between us, as we paused after the arrival of the Indian, and it was but a short distance now to the Hut, toward which we directed our steps.

The Indian and old Sampson walked behind, while I led the way, retracing our way back to the path. Again we passed the scene of the fatal combat, and as we did so the Indian paused and examined the place, and as I turned to study this strange character, half-savage and half-tame, he abruptly left the beaten path, and with his eyes lifted from the ground, struck into the woods in a direction directly opposite to that where I had last seen the figure of Colonel Blackford. Sampson simply looked, first at the Indian, and then at me, and without comment we renewed our course, and soon the pleasant home smiled on me through the opening wood, and though the sky had now become largely over-spread with the symptoms of the threatening storm, a glory more glorious, from the dark domes of the back-ground, wrapt the half-enchanted spot. We approached the Hut from the west, and when we reached the porch, I gave the reins to the attendant Sampson; and with a shade of sadness upon my mind, indeed, with a sentiment of apprehension, I entered the hall.



ALONE IN THE TURRET.

I cannot explain the motive, after I had looked into the kitchen, from which old Mary was absent, that induced me to mount straightway to the turret room. It may have been that I was anxious to look from that old window at the coming storm, or it may have been

a desire to see that portrait of Richard Danbrey, at which the phantom of Mary's dream had struck with his angry fist ; at all events, I ascended the steps, with no heavy or hurried step, but rather with a feeling that it was wrong to break the deep repose that pervaded the whole house.

I reached the door of the sleeping-room and opened it. She did not turn, or even move, but kept her head upon her hand, sitting like a sculptured woman, in the broad beam of sun-light that through a riven cloud, fell like something from the throne of Light, upon that silent scene.

V A Q U E A R O L I F E .

BY J. SWETT.

I.

Our herds of cattle in freedom roam
Amid the hills of our sunny home ;
Our pasture-placers with wealth untold
Are treasures richer than mines of gold :
We rest in the shade of olive-trees,
Where blue figs rustle in evening breeze ;
For Nature with bounteous hand hath blest
The herdsman's land in the golden west.

II.

No white-winged vessel is half so free
As the herdsman coursing his prairie-sea,
When he gives the rein to his fiery steed,
Or startles the herds in a wild stampede :
They crowd and thunder along the plain —
The speed of terror is wild but vain ;
The lasso falls, with a sudden bound
The bellowing bull rolls on the ground.

III.

When ocean-waters have quenched the sun,
And the wild pursuit of the day is done,
We give the hours to mirth and dance
In the señorita's love-lit glance ;
Whose flashing eyes in archness deep,
Awaken passion and banish sleep,
Till beauty changes the night to day,
And music chases the stars away.

Valley of San José, (Cal.)

O U R B O A R D E R S .

BY A NEW CORRESPONDENT.

It is a rainy evening. Pat ! pat ! the great drops come against the window ; and the streets look deserted and cheerless. I've been standing here for the last half-hour pitying the solitary pedestrians who have ventured out into the storm, and watching the lights in the great house over the way. There !—they have closed the shutters now, and I can imagine a happy family circle around the table, pleasantly chatting away the evening. Oh ! dear ! I wish I was there too ; but no—I am a stranger, and might spoil the charmed circle ; and as I have no home but this tiresome boarding-house, I'll stand here and dream of one.

Do you like rainy evenings, dear reader ? I do, sometimes ; for a shower of past old memories comes falling around my heart, just as the rain-drops fall upon the roof, and I love to sit alone and call the old feelings back again. Then sometimes I love a quiet talk too with some good, sensible friend. Let's go and sit down on the sofa in the other room for a little while. It is more retired, and not so light as it is here ; and I can always talk better in the shade. There, now we are almost alone, for those people are all too busy to notice us, and we can have a cozy time all to ourselves ; beside, we have a nice quiet post of observation through the folding-doors.

But I was going to tell you something about 'Our Boarders,' and I can introduce you to some of them personally, as most of them are at home to-night. I have been here nearly a year, and some of these faces I have seen every day. Many others have come and gone ; and some strange life-dramas have been acted in this very room. I have sat on the sofa here many an evening, and watched them going on.

Do you see that gentleman in the farther corner, by the window, looking so lonely and forlorn ? That is Mr. Brown. I used to feel sorry for him when I first came here, because no one seemed to care any thing about him ; and it seemed so dreadful to me not to be loved at all. When he came into the parlor in the evening, every one drew instinctively farther away, and even little Carrie Perkins retreated from his caresses ; and there was a pout on her little red lip as she turned around at the door, and said : 'I don't like you, Mr. Brown.' He is a very positive character too, and always says '*I*' very emphatically ; and when he points his fore-finger at you, and with a decided toss of the head, and a significant compression of the lip, says, '*I* think so,' the argument is conclusive, and you have no more to say ; at least I never wish to say any thing more. But he is usually silent and moody, and as I said before, I could n't help feeling sorry for him, as he sat evening after evening alone in his quiet corner, while the others were all laughing and chatting merrily around him. He is called a very sensible man, however—is connected with a large busi-

ness establishment down-town, and is really quite intelligent ; but he is so thoroughly selfish, that people never waste their sympathy on him very long, and as they grow accustomed to his moody ways, seldom trouble themselves much about him. But more of him anon.

That tall gentleman, with such a heavy beard, is Mr. Montfort, a Southerner, and a millionaire. There was quite a sensation in the house when he came, because no one knew any thing about him, and it was a long time before we could even find out whether he was married or not ; but at last it was ascertained that he was a widower ; so the mysterious conjectures and surmises ceased. But the gossips were by no means content to leave him undisturbed. They married him off successively to every young lady in the house to whom he ever addressed half-a-dozen words, and at last were all very much surprised when he took a fancy to marry Mrs. Perkins — that lady with the large, dark eyes, who is sitting at the piano. She was an interesting widow, and lost a beautiful little girl here a few months ago. He was very kind to her in her affliction, and as ‘pity is akin to love,’ it seems that he ended by loving her in good earnest. They have been travelling ever since they were married, and are only stopping here a short time before leaving the city for their Southern home. She is a fine musician, and an accomplished lady, beside possessing a very lovely character, chastened and elevated by repeated afflictions.

Little Carrie Perkins was a great pet of mine ; indeed she was the sun-beam of the house. She was only three years old, but she had a strangely mature way of talking sometimes, that made her seem very interesting. Every night I went regularly to her room for a good-night kiss ; and I shall never forget how sweetly she used to look in her little night-dress, as she knelt down by her mother’s side and said, ‘Our FATHER,’ nor how reverently she used to fold her little hands at the close, and say : ‘Good night, dear God, and please take good care of little Carrie.’

‘Why, Carrie,’ said her mother, the first time she added this to her prayer, ‘you should n’t talk to God so.’

‘Should n’t I?’ said the little prattler ; ‘I love God, and why should n’t I say good-night to Him before I go to sleep, just as I do to you and Aunt Annie?’

Her mother smiled thoughtfully, but only replied by kissing her, and always after that, she repeated her simple good-night petition.

I used to sing to her sometimes until she was asleep, then kissing her little dimpled cheek, I would steal softly from the room, feeling as if an angel had folded its wings for a moment about my heart.

I was with her most of the time while she was sick, and the last words she ever spoke were, ‘Sing, please sing, ‘Let me go,’’ and while I tremulously sung the little melody she always loved so well, she went to sleep, and never woke again.

Oh ! how lonely it was here after Carrie was gone. How we missed the childish prattle, and the merry laugh that used to ring like sweet music through the house. It seemed so solemn and deserted here, so gloomy, just as if some bright light had gone out. I can’t keep the tears back now when I think of it. I believe even Mr. Brown forgot

himself, and felt sorry for a moment. But I must not dwell so long upon such sad things.

That fat, over-dressed lady, just coming in is Mrs. Mills. She was once a sewing-girl, but married a rich husband, and is perpetually talking about genteel families, and attempting to put on stylish airs. She is a sort of mischief-maker general in the house, and finds a very convenient satellite in that giggling Miss Eversole, who is flirting with that milk-and-water-looking fop, on the other sofa. I could never endure either of them since they made such a fuss because little Carrie Perkins was sick in the house ; just as if she could have helped it, the dear little child ! To be sure they tried to make it up after she died ; but it was too late — no one has ever liked them since. Then they interfered so much with Mary Ellet. But I forget that you do n't know who Mary Ellet was, because it seems as if every one must know her. She was an orphan, and had just lost her only brother when she came here, a little while after I did, to be with her aunt, Mrs. Perkins. She had been quite ill too, and looked so delicate and pale, just like a pure white lily. Then she had very sad eyes, and such a sweet child-like face, with bright, sunny curls floating all around it. She was very frail and slight, so that Bridget, the Irish girl, always called her the 'wee thing in No. 14.'

She looked so sad and lonely that I loved her at once, and it seems that Mr. Brown did too, for he immediately requested an introduction, began to draw his chair into the family circle, and exerted himself to the utmost to be agreeable — that is, to Mary. Then he often proposed a game of whist in the evening, invariably selecting Mary for his partner. Indeed gloomy, morose Mr. Brown was very suddenly transformed, and acted as such people often do when they really fall in love — very far from sensibly ; for Mary had scarcely been in the house a week when he proposed a life-partnership. Of course she was taken quite by surprise, and really felt badly ; but she could not love such a man any more than the blue-eyed violet could rest its little head for warmth upon the cold bosom of the iceberg ; and as gently as possible she told him so. Mr. Brown in his turn was surprised that his will was not supreme, but concluding that 'faint heart never won fair lady,' he resolutely persisted in his officious attentions, to Mary's extreme annoyance. Every time she came into the parlor he walked straight toward her and commenced conversation, or if she was conversing with any one else, he would lay down his book or paper, and fix his keen, glittering eye upon her until she was often obliged to leave the room. I felt sorry for her because it really made her very unhappy ; but although she had grown to dislike Mr. Brown excessively, she expressed it so very gently, that he either could not or would not understand it.

When the hot weather came on, she went into the country for a few weeks, declaring that she would never return to this place so long as Mr. Brown remained. After she went away he grew more morose than ever ; indeed he scarcely spoke at all, unless it was to indulge in some bitter tirade against the world in general.

At last the city became intolerable to him, and he went away on a business tour. He was gone so long that we began to congratulate

ourselves that he had found another boarding-place ; so I wrote to Mary early in the fall, and she came back again. But she had scarcely been here a week, when one evening the door opened, and in walked Mr. Brown with a queer, triumphant sort of smile on his face, and resumed his old seat near Mary. His presence seemed to cast a chill over our merry little circle, and after a few words of civility, Mary excused herself, and went to her own room.

The next morning a bouquet of rare flowers was left at her door, together with a small box containing an elegant diamond ring, and a slip of paper, on which was written : ' Dear Mary.' There was no doubt as to the donor, although no clue was left by which his name could be ascertained. Mary was in despair. She could not retain the gift, yet was at a loss how to return it.

I have forgotten to mention that there was a young lawyer in the house who had always been a great admirer of Mary, although he had a very quiet, unobtrusive way of expressing it. Mr. Alton, unlike most lawyers, was rather bashful and not very well versed in the ways of the world ; but he was very thoughtful in his attentions to his friends, and he had saved Mary from many an annoyance by some slight and unobserved manœuvre. After some hesitation, she concluded to confide to him her present dilemma, and trust him to devise some means for identifying her anonymous friend.

It so happened that Mr. Alton had seen the boy who left the gift, and as he walked down street at the same time, observed that he stopped at Mr. Brown's place of business. He had also a book in his possession belonging to Mr. Brown, on the title-page of which his name was written in the same hand with the simple words on the slip of paper accompanying the ring. This placed the matter beyond doubt ; and to relieve Mary of embarrassment, Mr. Alton kindly offered to return it with any message she wished to send.

Mr. Brown was very angry, and denied all knowledge of it, until, finding that denial was useless, he turned to Mr. Alton as he quietly laid down the package after delivering Mary's message, and shaking his fist threateningly, muttered in a low, determined voice : ' You'll pay for this, Sir.'

' As you please,' calmly returned Mr. Alton, and left the store.

Mary felt very grateful for this kindness, and after that never seemed weary of talking about Mr. Alton. ' He seemed so much like a brother,' she said. ' Of course she could never love him ; he was not at all her ideal of a lover, with his retiring, student-like ways ; but then his sympathy was so pleasant.' I was amused sometimes at her earnestness in trying to convince me that she did n't love him.

Mr. Brown was more intolerable than ever ; indeed he seemed to take delight in annoying her with his intrusive attentions, because he could n't help seeing that they troubled her ; but whenever Mr. Alton came into the room, his countenance always darkened, although he never otherwise noticed his presence.

One evening, not long after the little affair about the ring, Mary came into my room, and drawing up a little foot-stool, leaned her head in my lap, and began to cry. I put my arm around her, but said nothing for a few moments, until she had relieved herself in tears, then

inquired what was the matter, although I was quite sure that I knew.

At last she composed herself enough to tell me that Mr. Alton had told her he loved her, and that almost before she knew it she had promised to marry him. 'She was afraid she had done wrong, for she did n't know as she really loved him enough; but she was so lonely, and he had been so kind; then Mr. Brown troubled her so much that she was afraid of him, and indeed she did n't know what else to do; but some how she did n't feel so happy as she thought she should.'

I talked to her as encouragingly as I could, although I really felt sorry that she had been quite so hasty; but she had one of those confiding, loving natures that must cling to something, and seldom stop long to criticise those they love; so I thought that after all she might be very happy.

But even Mary, universally as she was beloved, did not escape criticism.

'I do think it is ridiculous the way that Mary Ellett goes on,' said Mrs. Mills, coming into my room one morning in a great fluster; 'she's a heartless little flirt, and that's all I've got to say about it. When she came here there was nobody like Mr. Brown, and now it is perfectly outrageous the way she treats him, I declare it is. Just think too of her going around with that insignificant Mr. Alton, whom no one knows any thing about. I wonder her aunt does not tell her better. It's a great injury to her, as I was telling Miss Eversole just now, and some body ought to make it a duty to tell her so. Why don't you talk to her, she has so much confidence in you.'

'Because I consider Miss Ellett quite competent to manage her own affairs,' I replied quietly; 'beside, I have seen nothing in her conduct to which I could object. It certainly is no great fault to refuse to marry a man she cannot love, and she is quite excusable for not loving Mr. Brown.'

'Well, people think differently,' she returned. 'For my part, I think a young lady in her situation very foolish to refuse such a man as Mr. Brown just for a little fancy. He is wealthy, you know, and from a very genteel family. But I see it's of no use talking to you,' and with this she sailed majestically out of the room to repeat her complaint to the next neighbor.

Miss Eversole told Mary how 'people talked,' and it nearly killed the poor child to be judged so harshly. Her aunt was going away too, and she would soon be quite alone; beside, Mr. Brown had declared that Mr. Alton should never go to the bridal altar with Mary Ellett alive, and this troubled her more than all the rest. Indeed she really made herself sick thinking about it, and it was thought best that the engagement should be a short one, as Mr. Alton was about to start for his new home at the West; so one morning they went to church and were very quietly married, and went away. It was very unexpected to the family; and when it was announced at the tea-table, Mr. Brown's countenance grew dark as a thunder-cloud, but finding that she was beyond his reach, he relapsed into his old moodiness again, and has scarcely spoken civilly to any one in the house since.

It has only been a little while since Mary went away, and I have

only heard from her once, but she wrote very cheerfully — said that she was perfectly happy, and wondered if Mr. Brown had found any one else to tease and annoy, now she was gone.

I have been very lonely since she left, as there are many strangers in the house, and some how I can't make it seem home-like any more. I do n't come into the parlor much of late ; it wearies me, this constant mingling with superficial life, and I go away to my little room in the fourth story and think and dream. They tell me it is wrong to dream so much, but I do n't think it is, if I dream of holy and beautiful things.

Sometimes they send for me in the evening to make out a game of whist, or a quadrille, and I go down and laugh and dance for a little while ; but after all, it never makes me very happy, every thing is so cold and artificial that it tires me. Sometimes I go to see Miss Ellis, because she looks so very sad, and it seems as if she needed to be cheered up. She has had some trouble, I do n't know exactly what, but an affair of the heart, I believe, and it makes me feel sorry to see her so melancholy and drooping-like. When I am with her I try to talk cheerfully, and it makes me feel happier for a little while.

Then I go to Miss Miller's room sometimes. She is a lady of character and very good too ; indeed, so extremely good, that she makes me feel my inferiority all the time by way of contrast. She is very sensible too, and very intellectual, and gives me such excellent advice that I like to talk with her, although to be sure I do n't always follow the advice. But some how, she is too good to love, and seems just like something bright and cold that I may look at and admire, but cannot reach. Sometimes I wish she would let me put my arms around her neck and love her, but then it makes me laugh the next moment to think how ridiculous it would be to indulge such a weakness before dear, dignified Miss Miller.

When I go to the table I usually talk with Mr. Lester, because he amuses me so with his queer speeches. He says the oddest things in such a very droll way that he always makes me laugh, although I never remember a word when he is gone.

Occasionally some good kind friend takes me to the opera, and for a week afterward the scenes are all before me, and the music rings in my ears and thrills my heart ; then life settles back into its old monotony again, just as the water grows still when the waves around the fallen pebble have circled away.

But I have spun out a long story without intending it, for they have all left the parlors and we are quite alone. The lights are already extinguished in the other room, and the lamp burns very dimly here. Strange weird figures flit before me in the darkness, some bright and others sad, like the shades of those whose destinies the iron hand of Fate has shaped within these walls ; not Fate either, perhaps I should have said the kind hand of Providence. But the chills are creeping over me as if the folds of the dark mantle of solemn night were falling around my heart. The music of the pattering rain grows sad and dirge-like, and wailing voices come with the sighing wind. The silence within grows oppressive, and I must away to my little attic-room, and shake off these strange, gloomy fancies. Pleasant dreams, dear reader, and a kind good night.

A L A N D - M A R K .

DEDICATED TO LOUISE.

TWENTY-ONE! twenty-one!
 Ah! my heart is growing young:
 It is blossoming full to-day
 With the sweets of youngest May,
 And no more my spirit weaves
 Round her forehead the sere leaves
 Of the autumn late and sad,
 The dead garlands that she had
 For her coronals when her fears
 Were all too young for such sad tears.

Twenty-one! twenty-one!
 God forgive the dirge I sung,
 In the younger days gone by,
 When I chose to drop my eye
 From the heavens, broad and blue,
 With God's love-smile breaking through,
 To the thorns beneath my feet,
 That I watered with my tears,
 Never nursing the green spears
 Of soft grass that tried to grow
 Twixt the thorns I cherished so:
 Now I think whene'er my foot
 Quivers on some hidden thorn,
 That the spot in which I stand
 Once was planted by God's hand
 Thick as it could be with flowers,
 Sweetest, rarest, brightest flowers:
 But I in my sickly wo,
 Rather have the thistles grow:
 So I crushed the young buds low,
 And God let the thistles grow.

Twenty-one! twenty-one!
 HEAVEN marked the way I 've come,
 Marked it through His pleasant places,
 Lit it bright with angel-faces,
 Led me here. Dear God! I stand
 Leaning 'gainst THY loving hand,
 Looking backward,
 Looking onward —
 Oh! the beauty of the land!

Twenty-one! twenty-one!
 Is the journey almost done?
 Will HE call me from the battle
 While I am so fresh and young?
 Will HE hush me from my singing
 This glad song but just begun?
 Will HE break the dewy garland
 That sweet love has round me flung?
 Will they cut upon the marble:
 'Aged Twenty-one'?
 CHRIST my LORD, THY will be done.

JENNY MARSH PARKER.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

TENT LIFE IN THE HOLY LAND. By WILLIAM C. PRIME, Author of 'Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia;' 'The Old House by the River;' 'Later Years,' etc. In one Volume: pp. 498. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE knew what we were to expect when we opened this volume. That the author would visit the Holy Land with the observant eye of a painter, the deep feeling of a long-cherished sympathy, and the fervor of a Christian heart, we well knew: nor have we been in the least degree disappointed in either of these characteristics. The book is full of them; and what we especially admire in Mr. PRIME is, that *when* he feels, he is not afraid or ashamed to show his emotion. His is no dry detail of the mere *facts* of travel: he invests every thing which he describes with a new interest: for the reader sees what he sees, and as it were through his eyes; and he transfers, with equal felicity, his own emotions and feelings to the hearts of his readers. It is this feature which makes the volume before us one of the best upon the Holy Land which we have ever encountered. We shall justify our high estimate of the work by a few extracts. In the following, our author will be found approaching the 'Sacred City:'

'We paused a little while again in the valley of Elah, and gathered a few pebbles in the dry bed of the brook where DAVID found his weapons with which to meet the giant of the Philistines, and then, every thing that was behind and around us faded in interest as we began to realize that from the summit of the hill before us our weary eyes would rest on the walls of Jerusalem.

'We pressed our horses rapidly up the steep hill, by a zig-zag path, which in our haste we sometimes cut across, and thereby nearly broke our own and our horses' necks in several instances. There was a party of Latin nuns, on sleek and beautiful horses, riding slowly before us. We passed them at a rattling gallop, and hastened on, up the rough path, now over masses of loose, rolling stones, on which our horses could with difficulty find footing for a half-mile, and as a cold wind swept over the bleak and desolate hills wrapped our cloaks around us, and drew our hoods closely over our faces. The appearance of every thing was desolate in the extreme. For many miles, we had seen no evidences of human existence. Wild rocks were everywhere, ragged and fierce in their utter barrenness, and hill and valley were alike apparently cursed with the curse of God.

'At length there was a short space where the road admitted of a gallop, our horses plunging over the stones and finding footing as none but Syrian horses could, and here S—, and WHITELY, and myself pressed forward, as swiftly as the zig-zag path, winding around rocks, and turning short to the right or to the left, or often even in an acute angle backward, would permit. Reaching the summit of the ascent, we beheld a

distant view of desolate mountains, lit in the rays of the setting sun, with dark, wild gorges between them, all tending downward to a deep valley, wherein we knew must lie the Dead Sea. But we could not yet see the city of our desires.

'A few steps forward, our worn-out horses stumbling rather than galloping over the rocky path, and a hill, crowned with a mosk and minaret, was before us in the distance, which my heart knew by instinct was the Mountain of the Ascension. I raised myself in my stirrups, and, turning to MIRIAM, shouted, 'The Mount of Olives!' and waved my hand toward it — and then, as I looked again, before me, in all their glory and majesty, I beheld, magnificent in the light of the setting sun, the walls of Jerusalem.

'I had thought of that moment for years, in waking and in sleeping dreams. I had asked myself a hundred times: 'What will you do when your weary eyes rest on these holy walls?' Sometimes I thought I should cry out aloud as did pilgrims of old times, and sometimes that I should kneel down on the road as did the valiant men who marched with GODFREY and with RICHARD. But I did neither.

'My horse stopped in the road, as if he knew that all our haste had been for this, and I murmured to myself, 'Deus vult,' and my eyes filled with tears, and through them I gazed at the battlements and the towers and minarets of the city. One by one the party rode up, and each in succession paused.

'There were our Mohammedan servants, a Latin monk who had joined us a little way back, two Armenians, and a Jew in our *cortège*, beside ourselves, who were Protestants — and all alike gazed with overflowing eyes on that spot, toward which the longing hearts of so many millions of the human race turn daily with devout affection. We spoke no word aloud. One rushing wave of thought swept over all our souls.

'I stood in the road, my hand on my horse's neck, and with my dim eyes sought to trace the outlines of the holy places which I had long before fixed in my mind, but the fast-flowing tears forbade my succeeding. The more I gazed, the more I could not see; and at length, gathering close around my face the folds of my coufeah, I sprang into the saddle, and led the advance toward the gates of the city.'

The subjoined passage is a forcible example of the emotional feeling of which we have spoken. It is the writer's first morning in Jerusalem:

'THE first morning in Jerusalem was a time forever to be remembered. When the sun came up above the Mount of Olives, I was standing on the eastern side of the city, without the walls, on the brow of the valley of Jehoshaphat, looking down into its gloomy depths and up to the hill that was hallowed by the last footsteps of CHRIST.

'I could not sleep. It was vain to think of it or attempt it. Broken snatches of slumber, dreamy and restless at the best, but mostly broad awake thoughts, fancies, feelings, and memories occupied the entire night. Weary and exhausted as I was by the previous day's travel, I could not compose my mind sufficiently to take the rest I actually required.

'It was but a little after the break of day that I strolled down to the gate of St. STEPHEN, (so called now, though formerly known as the gate of the Lady MARY, because of its leading to the VIRGIN's tomb,) and finding it open already, passed out among the Moslem graves that cover the hill of Moriah, outside the walls, and sitting down on one of them, waited in silence the coming of the sun. And it came.

'I had seen the dawn come over the forest of the Delaware country, in the sublime winter mornings,

'When last night's snow hangs lightly on the trees,
And all the cedars and the pines are white
With the new glory.'

I had seen the morning come up over the prairies of Minnesota, calm and majestic along the far horizon. I had seen it in golden glory on the sea, in soft splendor in Italy, in rich effulgence over the Libyan desert.

'But I never saw such a morning as that before nor shall I ever see another such in this cold world.

'At first there was a flush, a faint but beautiful light like a halo, above the holy mountain. Right there-away lay Bethany, and I could think it the radiance of the bursting tomb of MARTHA's brother. But the flush became a gleam, a glow, an opening heaven of deep, strong light that did not dazzle nor bewilder. I looked into it and was lost in it, as one is lost that gazes into the deep loving eyes of the woman he worships. It seemed as if I had but to wish and I should be away in the atmosphere that was so glorious. Strong cords of desire seemed drawing me thither. I even rose to my feet and leaned forward over the carved turban on a Mussulman's tomb. I breathed strong, full inspirations, as if I could breathe in that glory.

'All this while, deep in the gloom of the valley between me and the Mount of Ascension lay the Hebrew dead of all the centuries, quiet, calm, solemn in their slumber. The glory did not reach down to their low graves; yet I thought almost aloud,

that if that radiance could but once touch those stones, heavy as they were, the dead would spring to life, even the doubly dead who lie in that valley of tombs.

'Alas! for the dead whose grave the morning radiance from the mountain of the LORD's ascension will never reach! Alas! for the sealed lips of earth that will never be kissed to opening by those rays!

'Then came the round sun; it seemed but an instant after the morning-star had sunk into the blue, and then the full sun-light poured across the hills of Judea, on the battlements of Jerusalem.

'Then once more I bowed my head. It is no shame to have wept in Palestine. I wept when I saw Jerusalem, I wept when I lay in the star-light at Bethlehem, I wept on the blessed shores of Galilee. My hand was no less firm on the rein, my finger did not tremble on the trigger of my pistol when I rode with it in my right hand along the shore of the blue sea. My eye was not dimmed by those tears, nor my heart in aught weakened. Let him who would sneer at my emotion close this volume here, for he will find little to his taste in my journeyings through Holy Land.'

Let us follow our author to the Garden of Gethsemane, and witness the effect which its remembered sacred scenes had upon his mind:

'It was on the very foot of the Mount of Olives, yet elevated some thirty or forty feet, perhaps more, above the brook Kedron. We passed around it, to the rear or mountain side, and found a low door in the wall, at which we knocked.

'It opened, and a Latin monk, habited in the dark robe of the Franciscans, bade us enter, and bowing our heads very low, as all must do perforce, and as all should do on entering a spot like this, we stepped within the hallowed inclosure of Gethsemane.

'It is a simple garden, laid out in beds, bordered with lavender, among the old olive-trees. An arbor or trellis-work on one side supports a large vine of the *passiflora*. In the walls are marked fourteen stations for prayer. It was silent, and we were alone. The good father vanished to his cell in the corner, as if aware that we desired no guide to tell us the story that has thrilled the heart of man in every land and age—the saddest and sublimest story on all the rolls of eternity.

'Verily he was right. The whispering leaves of the olive-trees told us the story; the winds that swept over the lofty battlements of Mount Moriah, three hundred feet above us, told the story; the blue, far sky above the Mount of Olives, the sky *He* clove with His departing glory, and that shut Him away from His disciples and our longing gaze, told the story; the heavy beating of our hearts—slow, solemn beating—we could hear them in the stillness of the garden, told the story of the bloody passion, and the agony that made the crown of thorns and piercing nails as nothing afterward.

'In the blue sky far up above us a solitary eagle floated on the air above the deserted shrines of the temple of the LORD, and on the sides of Moriah, among the Moslem graves, some women, dressed in white, sat by the tombs and wept. But no voice of human grief or human joy reached the deep valley to disturb the profound stillness of the garden of the Passion. The olives on the mountain waved their flashing branches in the gentle breeze, but those within the inclosure scarcely moved. The lavender, that bloomed with the utmost profusion, made the atmosphere heavy with perfume, as we sat down on the ground and endeavored to realize the mid-night scene of the agony and the betrayal.

'I NEED not say that the garden of Gethsemane was a favorite spot with me during my stay in Jerusalem, and that scarcely a day passed without finding me seated under the old olive-trees within its inclosure. Here over and again, I read the accounts of that memorable night, and of the suffering of the MAN our GOD. Here I saw the declining sun go down behind the battlements of Moriah, and here not infrequently the round moon, coming up over the holy summit of Olivet, silvered the leaves of the old trees, and shed that radiance on the spot in which, best of all, I could realize the scene that so thrills the hearts of Christian men.

'Did the moon shine on that last night of the life of the LORD before the sacrifice? Did the full moon, in whose light young maidens love to hear the words of young love, behold that love which would not put away the cup of agony, though countless angels stood ready to seize the chalice and dash it down to hell?

'I never thought of it before. In all the scenes of all the centuries that I have imagined the moon beholding, and of which I have striven sometimes to gather some intelligence in those cold calm rays, I never before imagined that on that still orb, in the blue sky of Judea, the tear-dimmed eyes of the LORD gazed through the rustling leaves of Gethsemane.

'O friend of mine! in your old home by the distant Hudson, where in grand nights of western moon-shine, or still, calm star-light, we have sat together on the rocks and asked the hosts of heaven to tell us stories of the Chaldeans that worshipped them on plains of Orient; O friend! look out on the sky to-night, the holy sky, the radiant sky

whose azure might befit the floors of heaven, and know, of a verity, beyond a doubt, beyond a peradventure, that on those stars, those very shining groups, on white Capella, flaming Sirius, on the brow of Orion, and the cold star of the pole, the weary eyes of the houseless wanderer who was yet a God, rested in childhood above the ancient Nile, or when as a boy He climbed the hills of Nazareth, or when in those cold Syrian nights He walked the long way from Galilee, or when He slept in the dewy air of Olivet with the stones of the hill-side for a pillow to Him who had no other on which to lay His head.

'Never again tell me it is childish to love the moon-light and the stars. Sole objects in all the universe on which I may look with perfect confidence that He looked on them, yea, and with a longing for the heaven beyond them, which He knew as His home, and which I but doubtingly dare call mine, I will gaze on them in all the nights of my wanderings on earth, and sleep quiet sleep when you shall lay me where they will shine on my covering.'

With these extracts, and the preceding remarks, we take our leave of 'Tent Life in the Holy Land;' simply adding, that it is exceedingly well-executed, and liberally illustrated with engravings and small vignettes.

BACON'S ESSAYS: with Annotations by RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. From the Second London Edition, Revised. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY, Number 554 Broadway.

ONE of BACON's great merits as a writer, was the power to suggest farther remarks and reflections, to '*set the reader a-thinking* upon whatever subject he had in hand.' 'He is,' says our annotator, 'and especially in his essays, one of the most suggestive authors that ever wrote. His '*Antitheta on Commonplaces*,' appended to the present volume, 'is a compendious and clear mode of bringing before the mind the most important points in any question, to place in parallel columns, as BACON has done, whatever can be plausibly urged, fairly or unfairly, on opposite sides; and then you are in the condition of a judge who has to decide some cause, after hearing all the pleadings.' These essays retain all their old popularity, as relating chiefly to the concerns of every-day-life, and which, as he himself expresses it, 'come home to men's business and bosoms.' Bishop WHATELY speaks only too modestly of his own part in this volume. FRAZER's Magazine, in closing a notice of the work, says: 'We have given but an imperfect idea of Archbishop WHATELY's Annotations — of their range, their cogency, their wisdom, their experience, their practical instruction, their wit, their eloquence. The extracts we have quoted are like a sheaf of wheat brought from a field of a hundred acres.' The '*London Quarterly*,' among other things, says in a very able critical review:

'Of all the productions in the English language, BACON's Essays contain the most matter in the fewest words. He intended them to be as '*grains of salt*, which should rather give an appetite than offend with satiety;' and never was the intention of an author more fully attained. There were none, he says, of his works which had been equally '*current*' in his own time; and he expressed his belief that they would find no less favor with posterity, and '*last as long as books and letters endured*.' Thus far his proud anticipation has been verified. They have been held to be oracles of subtle wisdom by the profoundest intellects which have flourished since, and few in any department have risen to the rank of authorities with mankind who had not themselves been accustomed to sit at the feet of BACON. His own account of the scope of his Essays is, that '*they handled those things wherein both men's lives and persons are most con-*

versant,' while in the selection of his materials he 'endeavored to make them not vulgar, but of a nature whereof much should be found in experience, and little in books; so as they should be neither repetitions nor fancies.' This is the cause of their great success. The reflections which he offers upon these topics of universal concern are not obvious truisms, nor hackneyed maxims, nor airy speculations, but acute and novel deductions drawn from actual life, by a vast and penetrating genius, intimately conversant with the court, the council-table, the parliament, the bar; with all ranks and classes of persons; with the multitudinous forms of human nature and pursuits. The progress of events has not rendered them obsolete: their continuous currency through two centuries and a half has not rendered them common-place.

* We commend the acute and sarcastic criticism, in the preface of our annotator, upon that school of modern philosophers, who have accustomed their disciples to admire, as a style sublimely philosophical, what may best be described as a certain haze of words, imperfectly understood, through which some seemingly original ideas, scarcely distinguishable in their outlines, 'loom' as it were on the view, in a kind of dusky magnificence, that greatly exaggerates their real dimensions. Their writings have the startling effect of the magic-lantern: children delight in it, but grown people soon get tired of it. Illustrative extracts are given, which remind the reader of the 'Dichotomy' and 'Trichotomy' passages, recently quoted in these pages.

CYCLOPÆDIA OF WIT AND HUMOR, of America, England, and Scotland. By WILLIAM E. BURTON, Comedian. Parts Three and Four: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, APPLETONS' Building, Broadway.

THIS work advances by regular stages of approach, and over an evidently well-surveyed field. The variety of theme and style which it will present, when completed, will be one of its most marked features. Part Three opens with a portrait of HOLMES, although there is nothing from his effective pen in it. Among the pieces we are glad to re-recognize, are THOMAS SINGULARITY'S 'Odds and Ends;' 'PETE FEATHERTON,' by JAMES HALL; Col. WILLIAM L. STONE'S 'Night of Peril;' with some half a dozen other favorites, which, however, we have neither time nor space to mention. We pass to a story told by the elder MATHEWS, to a group of convulsed auditors, in the cabin of an American steamer, while he was in this country. It is to be understood that he had been playing a very subordinate part in a play in which GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE was the 'bright resplendent star.'

"AFTER the farce, I tarried, as you Yankees say, a considerable time at the theatre, rather choosing to linger among the almost expiring dipped candles of the dressing-rooms, than to seek, through mist and mud, my lofty but comfortless abode in Mrs. BURNS' garret; but the property-man gave me my cue to depart, by putting out the lights; and I was slowly mounting to my bed, when, as I passed the room of the great man, I saw him, (the door being open,) sitting with a jug before him, indulging after the labors of the evening. I was stealing by, and had already one foot on the flight of stairs which led to my exalted apartment, when I was arrested by a loud, high-pitched voice, crying: 'Come hither, young man.' I could scarcely believe my senses; I hesitated. 'Come in,' was repeated. I advanced. 'Shut the door, and sit down.' I obeyed. He assumed an air of courtesy, and calling upon Mistress BURNS for another tumbler, filled for himself and me. 'You will be so kind, my good Mistress BURNS, as to bring another pitcher of whiskey-punch, in honor of our young friend.' 'To be sure and I will, Mr. Cooke.' The punch was brought, and a hot supper, an unusual

luxury then to me. After supper, the veteran, quite refreshed and at ease, chatted incessantly of plays and players — lashing some, commending others — while I, delighted to be thus honored, listened and laughed; thus playing, naturally and sincerely, the part of a most agreeable companion. After the third jug of punch, I was sufficiently inspired to ask a few questions, and even to praise the acting of the veteran.

“To use your own words, as I have often before done,” said MATHEWS, addressing himself to the biographer, “one jug of whiskey-punch followed the other,” and COOKE began to advise his young companion how to conduct himself on the real and on the mimic scene of life. “You are young, and want a friend to guide you. Talent you have; but talent without prudence is worthless, and may be pernicious. Take my word for it, there is nothing can place a man at the head of his profession but industry and sobriety. Mistress BURNS! — shun ebriety as you would shun destruction. Mistress BURNS! another jug of whiskey-punch, Mistress BURNS.”

“O Mister COOKE —

“You make it so good, Mistress BURNS; another jug.”

“Yes, Mister COOKE.”

“In our profession, my young friend, dissipation is the bane of hundreds; villainous company — low company leads to drinking, and the precious time is lost which should have been employed in gaining that knowledge which alone can make men respectable. Ah! thank you, Mistress BURNS: this has the true Hibernian smack!”

“You may say that, Mister COOKE.”

It is needless to remind the reader that with the aid of MATHEWS’ powers of imitation, sometimes called called ventriloquism in this humbugging world, all this and much more would be extremely pleasant, and the more especially, as the company had repeated supplies of the same inspiring beverage from the steward, and almost as good, certainly as strong, as that of Mistress BURNS.

MATHEWS went on to describe the progress of COOKE’s intoxication, during which, his protests against drunkenness became stronger with each glass. He then undertook to instruct the tyro in the histrionic art, and especially in the manner of exhibiting the passions. Here it would be vain to endeavor to follow MATHEWS: COOKE’s grimaces and voice — while his physical powers, under the government of whiskey, rebelled at every effort against the intention of the lecturer — were depicted by the mimic in a manner beyond the conception of even those who have seen the public exhibition of his talents. Here all was unrestrained ‘gig’ and fun, and the painting truly *con amore*, and glowing from heart and glass.

‘It must be remembered,’ continued Mr. MATHEWS, ‘that I was but a boy, and COOKE in the full vigor of manhood, with strength of limb and voice Herculean. I had the highest reverence for his talents, and literally stood in awe of him; so that when he made his horrible faces, and called upon me to name the passion he had depicted, I was truly frightened — overwhelmed with the dread of offending him, and utterly at a loss to distinguish one grimace from another, except as one was *more* and another *most* savage and disgusting.’

“Now, Sir — observe — what’s that?”

“Revenge —”

“Revenge, you booby! Pity! pity!”

“Then, after making another hideous contortion of countenance, he cries;

“What is that, Sir?”

“Very fine, Sir; very fine indeed.”

“But *what* is it, Sir?”

“Forced to answer, and utterly unable to guess the meaning of the distorted face which he then again thrust before me, I stammered out:

“Anger, Sir.”

“Anger!”

“Yes, Sir; anger, to be sure.”

“To be sure you are a blockhead! Look again — Sir, look again. It’s fear, Sir — fear. You play! — *you* a player!”

MATHEWS then exhibited the face of COOKE, as he distorted it to express the tender passion — a composition of Satanic malignity and the brutal leering of a drunken satyr — and imitating COOKE’s discordant voice, cried:

“There, Sir; that’s love.”

“This,” continued MATHEWS, “was more than I could bear; even my fears could not restrain my laughter: I roared. He stared at first, but immediately assuming a most furious aspect, he cried: ‘What do you laugh at, Sir? Is GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE to be made a laughing-stock for a booby? What, Sir?’”

The cuts in these numbers are numerous, and for the most part well engraved: a trifle less of exaggeration, however, we think would greatly improve this important feature of the work.

LITTLE DORRIT. By CHARLES DICKENS. With Forty Illustrations, from Designs by 'PHIZ,' and CRUIKSHANK. In Two Volumes: pp. 954. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON, Number 306 Chestnut-street, GIRARD Buildings.

WE should like to see Mr. T. B. PETERSON, of Philadelphia. We should like to 'take a squint' at the man whose energy and enterprise, within three days after the completion of Mr. DICKENS' latest work, go so far as to place upon all the tables of our metropolitan book-sellers, in two well-printed, well-pressed, well-bound volumes, with all the illustrations complete, so large a work as this now before us. This celerity seems almost magical. Could it have been done in days of yore, with 'balls' to put on the ink, and a RAMAGE press to 'strike off'? Probably not. Seriously: we have had frequent occasion to admire, and to wonder at, the expedition with which Mr. PETERSON presents his publications to the public; and at the same time, the general good taste which he exhibits in his selections for publication. His success, we are glad to learn, is fully commensurate with his judgment, his energy, and his business tact.

Of '*Little Dorrit*,' now under notice, we read about two-thirds, as it appeared in numbers. There were the old spirit, the old conception and individualization of character, and that *Dickensy* felicity of illustration, which is more individual than any thing his pen has ever described; and yet, at the last, we thought the story began to 'drag': that characters were introduced melo-dramatically, who could have but little thereafter to do with the story; that details were being repeated and scenes prolonged; and so we said, 'We will wait to see '*Little Dorrit*' in its entirety, and then pronounce our own poor judgment 'upon the merits,' as they appear upon a careful and deliberate perusal.' And so we will, life and health permitting, hereafter. Meantime, we invite attention to the annexed remarks by an able daily critic, (GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, 'as we do guess,') as 'appropriate to the present occasion:'

'We may quarrel with DICKENS's benevolence and sentimentalities, if we like; but if we accept the man at all, we must accept him as he is. The serious side of his genius is just as inevitable as his humorous side: his pathos and his fun spring from the same sources, from the fundamental structure of his mind: and we doubt whether you could get the *PICKWICKS* or the *CUTTLES* without the *little PAULS*. No doubt, the *DOMBEYS* and *CARRERS*, and other such artificial machineries, could be left out by particular request; few would miss them; they are no part of the author's own life; they rather vitiate the action of his faculties: but, for all the rest, one grows as naturally out of the soil as the other. His fertile genius is like a great garden, now lying in the pleasant sunshine, and now exposed to the cold winds and rains, which sends up a variety of shoots; some weeds, some tender and delicate stems; some unknown, noxious plants perhaps: but most of all luxuriant fruits and flowers; and it is to be doubted whether we should get from it one without the others. DICKENS of all the writers of the day, is the most natural and instructive one; his faults and his merits come alike out of his whole organization; he observes sharply, and he writes what he observes; he feels keenly, and he says what he feels: if he laughs very loud, he also sighs very deep; but he is no more himself when he is jovial than when he is sad. *PICKWICK* does not represent him any better than the *Christmas Carol*. He is a humanitarian by original structure, just as he is a humorist. In both characters he may run into occasional extravagances, but he would not be true to himself were he to set up exclusively in either.

'For this reason we welcome the *Little Dorrit*, though it is not a *PICKWICK*. All the faults of it we were prepared for—all the merits we expected; and yet, such is the native vivacity and freshness of the man, that we have found it full of surprises throughout. As a story, it is like all his other stories, flimsily put together; at least one half the characters have nothing to do with it, being introduced like so many supernumeraries on the stage, to give an appearance of reality; and the other half might be reduced by a slender ingenuity, without impairing the value of the plot. Some of these useless characters, too, like *FLORA* or *Miss WADE*, are great bores, beside being, on the part of the author, great failures. Others, again, more useful, like *Mrs CLENNAM*, to the plot, though meant to be of the high tragic sort, are darkly heavy. The catastrophe is hurriedly and

obscurely worked out, and the secrets kept in reserve so long, to explain the complications of the situations, are scarcely worth the waiting for. There is an unusual number, too, of DICKENS's imbecile folks hovering about everywhere. But, with all this, the interest never flags. The old perennial stream of humor and sentiment runs through every page, refreshing and brightening even the dreariest spots. No one prodigious and commanding personage like MICAWBER, or COTTELE, or PECKSNIFF, is revealed to us — the principal figure in it Father DORRIT, being a painful one; but there are several lesser lights of very pleasant aspect. PANKS is a fine specimen of the little steam-tug; MEAGLES is a jolly good common-place; DOYCE and CLENNAM are noble fellows; HENRY GOWAN is exquisitely limned, much better than his own portraits; RIGAUD is a tolerable villain; and Little DORRIT, we have no doubt, will be considered a pearl, though we cannot ourselves confess to much admiration of her thus far. On the whole, the characterizations are not generally so striking as we are accustomed to find in DICKENS. The tints are less fleshy and vigorous than he is wont to use. Many scenes, however, are in the highest degree effective — as the interview of Mrs. GOWAN and Mrs. MERDLE, for instance, where the two fashionable hypocrites, knowing each other's hypocrisy, and knowing that the other knows it, yet keep up the deceit; or the reception of JOHN CHIVERY by old DORRIT, during his splendor in London, when he half shakes the head off of his former admirer, and then sends a hundred pounds to the old prison associates. But the signal merit of the book is the tremendous satire which it inflicts upon two things — the wretched figments of family pride, and the woful imbecilities and frigidities of aristocratic rule. DICKENS has scarcely written a book which does not bring some character or some phase into range which is in itself an overwhelming banter of some abuse; and he has been true to this trait of his genius in Little DORRIT. The BARNACLE family, meaning the whole tribe of official leeches — and the Circumlocution Office — meaning that department of government which laboriously contrives how not to do it — are among those happy creations which pass into the general mind and cling till death to their objects. No Englishman hereafter will be able to look into the face of any of his hereditary legislators without thinking of Mr. TITE BARNACLE, or Lord DECIMUS BARNACLE; and nobody will ever have any thing to do with government anywhere without confounding it with the Circumlocution Office.

As we shall take an early occasion to present an article upon '*The Writings of Charles Dickens*,' by one of the first scholars and critics of our country, we forbear further comment 'at this present.'

SISTERS OF CHARITY, CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT; AND THE COMMUNION OF LABOR.
By MRS. JAMESON. In one Volume: pp. 302. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

A SECOND edition of this little work was called for within the short period of a month; and we confess that we are not at all surprised at the circumstance. Mrs. JAMESON is right in modestly assuming, because she could not avoid the conclusion, that she 'has struck upon a chord of feeling in the public mind, tuned and ready to vibrate to the most unpractised touch.' 'There exists,' she adds, farther on, 'at the core of our social condition a great mistake to be corrected, and a great want to be supplied: men and women must learn to understand each other, and work together for the common good, before any amount of permanent moral and religious progress can be effected. In short, in the most comprehensive sense of the word, we need SISTERS OF CHARITY everywhere.' We simply call attention to this excellent work, having no space wherein appropriately to review it, and scarcely sufficient for the admission of the following extract. Mrs. JAMESON is adverting to the institutions of charitable women in the Roman Catholic Church, and showing the immense results of a well-organized system of work for women:

'I know that many well-meaning, ignorant people in this country entertain the idea that the existence of communities of women, trained and organized to help in social work from the sentiment of devotion, is especially a Roman Catholic institution, belonging peculiarly to that Church, and necessarily implying the existence of nuns and nunneries, veils and vows, forced celibacy and seclusion, and all the other inventions

and traditions which, in this Protestant nation, are regarded with terror, disgust, and derision. I conceive that this is altogether a mistake. The truth seems to me to amount to this : that the Roman Catholic Church has had the good sense to turn to account, and assimilate to itself, and inform with its own peculiar doctrines, a deep-seated principle in our human nature — a law of life, which we Protestants have had the folly to repudiate. We admire and reverence the beautiful old cathedrals which our Roman Catholic ancestors built and endowed. If we have not inherited them, we have, at least, appropriated them and made them ours; we worship God in them, we say our prayers in them after our own hearts. Can we not also appropriate and turn to account some of the institutions they have left us — inform them with a spirit more consonant with our national character and the requirements of the age, and dedicate them anew to good and holy purposes? What prevents us from using Sisters of Charity, as well as fine old cathedrals and colleges, for pious ends, and as a means of social benefit? Are we as stern, as narrow-minded, as deficient in real, loving faith as were our puritanical forefathers, when they not only defaced and desecrated, but would gladly, if they could, have levelled to the earth and utterly annihilated those monuments of human genius and human devotion? Luckily they stand in their beauty, to elevate the minds and hearts of us, the descendants of those who built and dedicated them, and who boast that we have reformed, not destroyed the Church of CHRIST! — and let me say that these institutions of female charity, to which I have referred — institutions which had their source in the deep heart of humanity, and in the teaching of a religion of love — let me say that these are better and more beautiful and more durable than edifices of stone reared by men's hands, and worthy to be preserved and turned to pious uses, though we can well dispense with some of those ornaments and appendages which speak to us no more.'

This volume, we think, among the public-spirited and the humané, 'the friends of the sorrowing and the sick,' will prove as useful and influential in America as it has in England. Admirably printed, of course : see the names of the publishers.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EARLY HISTORY OF PERTH-AMBOY, AND THE ADJOINING COUNTRY: with Sketches of Men and Events in New-Jersey, during the Provincial Era. By WILLIAM A. WHITEHEAD. In one Volume: pp. 428. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THIS work, which is well printed, and illustrated with several good maps and engravings, is by the author of 'East-Jersey under the Proprietary Governments,' editor of 'Papers of Governor LEWIS MORRIS,' etc., tasks of which he acquitted himself with signal ability. Mr. WHITEHEAD, who writes with ease, spirit, and directness, well sets forth his purpose, in his brief introduction: 'On a promontory of commanding height, overlooking the broad bay formed by the junction of the Raritan River with Arthur Kill Sound, and dividing their respective waters, stands Perth-Amboy. Although the prominent position it once occupied among the towns and cities of the land, has long been lost, yet there are associations connected with it as the former seat of government and the place of residence of many of the most eminent citizens of New-Jersey in other days, which must ever render its history worthy the consideration of the people of the State.' The author therefore presents to his fellow-Jerseymen these memorials of the past, which he has so laboriously collected, with evident love of his theme. The illustration of the early history of Perth Amboy and the adjoining country, is not, however, the only purpose of the volume. It serves as the thread on which is strung much miscellaneous matter bearing upon the

general history of the State, accumulated while engaged in the preparation of other works. Our author makes no attempt to clothe with the importance of history, these desultory gleanings from the fields of the past: 'collected, as the items have been, during brief periods, which, amid many cares and under the pressure of various pursuits, have now and then been presented, they have been allowed to retain in most instances the form in which they were at first arranged; no attempt being made, by skilfulness of combination, to supply any deficiencies in their interest or value. To bind together the scattered sheaves, however, has been a recreation rather than a task.' So we inferred: and glad are we that our author left his materials 'in the form in which they were first arranged.' In style, they are doubtless all the fresher and better for it: and he is so careful and reliable an historian, that his facts will not be doubted. His arrangement, too, is judicious and clear: 'The Settlement,' 'The City,' and 'The Citizens,' are first given: then we have the 'Resident Governors,' Religious Denominations,' 'Public Buildings and Places,' and 'Travelling Facilities.' There is also a chapter on 'Miscellaneous Topics,' and another upon 'Events during the Revolution,' which are equal in interest to any others in the volume. Two similar chapters upon the ancient adjoining towns of Woodbury and Piscataway close the volume. There are twenty-three illustrations, large and small, including, with many sketches of public edifices, several authentic portraits.

The frontispiece is a portrait of WILLIAM FRANKLIN, Dr. FRANKLIN'S son, as Governor of New-Jersey. Beside being a remarkably handsome young man, he had a solidity of judgment not often to be met with in one of his years. He was the companion and assistant of his father in his various scientific philosophical pursuits, who was at the same time 'his friend, his brother, his intimate and easy companion.' He studied law in the Middle Temple, London; travelled profitably with his father through England, Scotland, Flanders, and Holland, and had bestowed upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts at Oxford. In 1762 he was appointed, through the influence of Lord BURE, and 'without solicitation on the part of his father,' Governor of New-Jersey. The portrait of another Governor of ancient New-Jersey, BURNET, reminds us of old JACK REEVE, as a beadle, in one of his plays; a most singular face. The first painter, and the first collection of paintings in this country, according to DUNLAR, were planted at Perth-Amboy, in the year 1715. The painter's name was JOHN WATSON: and judging from the portrait of himself *by* himself, we must infer that his course, after painting this picture, must have been '*upward* and onward.' He left a son, who inherited his property: 'So soon as it came into his possession, he started off in search of a wife; and although a short, red-haired man, of very unprepossessing appearance, with no mental qualifications to counterbalance those outward defects, his travels were not in vain. He returned to Amboy, bringing with him a very amiable and interesting woman as his wife, whom he had encountered at Westchester, New-York.' But we must pause. The work is neatly and appropriately dedicated to the 'Members of the New-Jersey Historical Society.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE LATE REV. DR. LANSING. — '*The Faithful Preacher*,' is the most appropriate title to '*A Discourse Commemorative of the Late Dirck C. Lansing, D.D.*,' by JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, just issued, in a handsome pamphlet, by MESSRS. CALKINS AND STILES, Number 348 Broadway. How THOUGHT goes back on the wings of Memory, as we look upon the portrait which accompanies this pamphlet! Dr. LANSING was the first really *live* preacher that we ever heard. Very crowded was the meeting-house 'of our boyhood,' when it was known that Dr. LANSING of Auburn was to 'exchange' with good old hum-drum parson W —, our 'stated minister.' He was one of the most electrically-eloquent preachers we ever heard, BASCOM alone excepted. Every thing *spoke*: his long, slender finger; the graceful sweep of his arm; the flash of his black eye; the winning tones of his voice; all combined to rivet the attention and compel the admiration of his hearers. He read a psalm or hymn with more effect than any minister whom we ever heard. Sometimes, in giving out a hymn, he would pause, turn the book upon its face on the pulpit-cushion, and comment upon what he had read — often in the most touching and feeling manner. Well do we remember his pausing in this way, at the following verse of a hymn which he was reading:

'WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the PRINCE of Glory died,
All earthly gain I count but dross,
And pour contempt on all my pride!'

His remarks upon this beautiful verse, although brief, almost constituted a sermon. They were replete with tenderness and deep feeling. His psalms and hymns were always selected with remarkable adaptation to the subjects of his sermons. On one occasion we recollect his turning over his book, and repeating the subjoined verse:

'But oh! their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so;
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
While fiery billows roll below!'

This heralded the character of his discourse: it was after the Rev. Mr. FINNEY had visited Auburn, and infused into the pastor something of his own

spirit and style of preaching at the time. The hymn was sang to a fugue tune, (was it old '*Russia?*') which was very solemn and impressive. When the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church met yearly in Philadelphia, Dr. LANSING was almost always a delegate: and we generally made it a point to visit W. G. C. on that occasion. It was a delight to renew our boyhood's remembrances in hearing again that well-known voice, and marking again those eloquent gestures, in which Dr. LANSING was only excelled by HENRY CLAY. It was on one of these occasions that a hymn, written by W. G. C., was sung by five thousand Sunday-school children at once, in WASHINGTON Square. It was a proud moment for the writer, when he heard those innocent voices sending up to Heaven, in one blended aspiration, the burthen of his lines. The last two verses were as follow:

'We have met, and time is flying,
We shall part, and still his wing,
Sweeping o'er the dead and dying,
Will the changeful seasons bring:
Let us, while our hearts are lightest,
In our fresh, unclouded years,
Turn to Him whose smile is brightest,
And whose grace can calm our fears.

'He will aid us, though existence,
With its sorrows sting the breast,
Gleaming in the onward distance,
FAITH will mark the Land of Rest.
There, mid day-beams round Him playing,
We our FATHER's face shall see,
And shall hear Him gently saying:
'Little children, come to Me!'

Dr. LANSING's cordial praise of these lines upon the spot, and their execution by so many children in that beautiful square, on one of the loveliest of early summer days, was one of the writer's most cherished memories during life. In the excellent discourse before us — which is very full upon the long ministry of this kind, affectionate, eloquent man — we find the subjoined characteristic passage from his unpublished semi-centennial discourse, describing his first conversion at Yale College:

'I WELL remember the very spot in the College-yard where the light of hope suddenly beamed upon my soul. It was not like JACOB's ladder, with the angels of God ascending and descending on it, but like a vast shaft or column of light which seemed to pierce the heavens, and open upon my vision the mercy-seat of the LAMB of GOD. Let it not be understood that I had a real sight of these things; but such was the change, and such the transport, that it seemed as if the very heavens above me were opened to my vision. That hopeful birth-place of my soul is deeply graven on my memory; and I never since have visited my *Alma Mater* without repairing to that very spot, and recalling as far as possible the melting emotions of that moment which determined my whole course in life and my eternal destiny.'

'BLESSED old man!' exclaims his sorrowing brother, 'thou art gone where thy youth shall be perpetual, and thy joy immortal! The visions of faith that were vouchsafed to thee on earth, were the prophecy and the prelude of thy vision unsealed in heaven. Thou hast thyself climbed up that shaft of light, even to the throne. There faith already yields to knowledge, hope to rapture; and that love which even here surcharged thy soul, there floweth within and around thee with all the fulness of God.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We read a brief scribblement the other night before a hundred friends or so, at the '*Knickerbocker Hall*' of our neighbor Captain FOLGER, upon '*American Pathos and Humor*.' Let us show you how we bored 'em. There is one thing, reader, where you have the advantage: you can skip even what is here, but they had to sit it all out:

Humor and Pathos, so far as I have observed, are much more nearly and much more generally united in the same person, and especially in the same popular author, (in WASHINGTON IRVING, our neighbor over the river, for example, the chief and preëminent peer of them all,) DICKENS, THACKERAY, and the rest. But I am speaking of *American Humor*: and it has always appeared to me, that while 'on the other side,' they *elaborate* amusing sketches — make a trade of *book-making*, in which a large portion is mere fun, or burlesque, we greatly exceed them in *mingling* humor with the highest pathos. You take a Down-Easter's *insinuation*, you take a Hoosier's *statement*, or a Nor'-Westerner's *denunciation*, and in nine cases out of ten you will have something to *remember*. It is so of the peculiar humor of those regions: it is short generally, and always explicit and direct.

One thing we must not omit to say in passing; and that is, that a *mere* 'funny man' is our very great detestation. A man who is always on a 'cold scent' after a joke; who is always straining after a pun; who never realizes that after all, much of innocent enjoyment as may be secured 'within the limits of *becoming* mirth, still

'Life is real — life is earnest.'

a man who can't see this, we have no hesitation to say, is one of the greatest bores in the infinite region of Boredom.

Next to him, in the line of bore-succession, is, on the other hand, the man who can't appreciate *any* humor; can't take a joke; don't know the first use of one. Like the man spoken of by SYDNEY SMITH, who said to a solemn Scotchman, speaking of another 'serious' Scotchman, whom he had met a little time before at a London dinner-party:

'Why, Sir, your friend seems incapable of appreciating humor: I doubt whether he would take a joke, if you were to shoot it at him out of a cannon!'

'Why, Sir,' replied the other; 'how could one shoot a joke out of a cannon? I never saw such a thing in all my life, as a joke being shot from a cannon!'

I come now to two examples of humor and of pathos, which have always struck me as the most perfect examples in their kind. I shall quote these two brief specimens from '*A Legend of Sleepy Hollow*,' by WASHINGTON IRVING, and from the '*Widow and her Son*,' by the same writer. Think not the less of either, I beg of you, because you have read them before. They are so good, that if you have, you will be glad to hear them again. Such fine classics of American literature are sometimes, and too often, thrown into the shade by the popular writers of the day who may enjoy, perhaps, an immortality of ten years' duration; while these will live as long as man is the only laughing animal in the world, and there is a human heart to sympathize with human sorrow.

You all remember the story of ICHABOD CRANE, the school-master of Sleepy Hollow. You remember his forlorn face, his great green eyes, his long, lank, lingering and lost love for KATRINA VAN TASSEL, the plump and lovely daughter of old BALTUS VAN TASSEL. Well, here we find him about to visit her at her father's

house, where there is a merry-making, or quilting frolic. ICHABOD 'lets out school' early, and prepares for the party :

'THE gallant ICHABOD now spent at least an extra half-hour at his toilet, brushing and furbing up his best and indeed only suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the school-house. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman of the name, HANS VON RIPPER, and thus gallantly mounted, issued forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should in the true spirit of romantic story give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken plough-horse, that had out-lived almost every thing but viciousness. He was gaunt and shaggy, with an ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs. One eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral, but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had in fact been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric VON RIPPER, who was a furious rider, and had infused very probably some of his own spirit into the animal; for old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the county. ICHABOD was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like a grasshopper's; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hands, like a sceptre, and as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called, and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of ICHABOD and his steed as they shambled out of the gate of HANS VON RIPPER; and it was, altogether, such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad day-light.'

You will all remember what a delightful time he had at old BALTUS's that night — dancing with KATRINE, as if he had been St. VITUS himself — not a fibre idle — his loosely-hung frame in full motion; the admiration of the darkeys, whose shining faces peered over one another from the doors on the outside. Our next extract, it does not require to say, describes the burial of the son of a poor widow, which 'ceremony' Mr. IRVING saw at a country church in England :

'PREPARATIONS were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection; directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel: which at the grave of those we love, is of all sounds the most withering. The bustle around seemed to wake the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands, and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavoring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation: 'Nay, now — nay, now — don't take it so sorely to heart.' She could only shake her head and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

'As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when on some accidental obstruction there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

'I could see no more, my heart swelled into my throat, my eyes filled with tears: I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the church-yard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed. When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich? They have friends to soothe, pleasures to beguile, a world to divert and dissipate their grief. What are the sorrows of the young? Their growing minds soon close above the wound; their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure; their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe; the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy; the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years; these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

'There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood: that soft-

ens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency : who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land : but has thought on the mother 'that looked on his childhood,' that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to her son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him, in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

'The next Sunday I was at the village church: when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

'She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty: A black ribbon or so, a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow, at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of grief was worth them all.'

There is a species of light, and we might almost say, *Verbal Comic Literature*, in which many of our writers may be said to excel. Many years ago, when Mrs. RAMSBOTTOM, with her daughter LAVINIA, were travelling on the Continent; vulgar and ignorant, and exposing the fact in every letter which the old lady wrote to the London *John Bull* newspaper, those epistles were thought wonderful examples of satire; but our blessed old Mrs. PARTINGTON, of Boston is, to our conception, altogether a better specimen of that type of character; for who can say that Mrs. PARTINGTON is ever vulgar? Mrs. RAMSBOTTOM is always pretentious; Dame PARTINGTON never. The former makes quite as many mistakes, but they are not in kind: she sees the statue of 'HENRY CARTER' on one of the bridges in Paris, and wonders whether he is any relation to the CARTERS of Portsmouth, in England: she is in Rome, and 'hears *Tedium* sung, (and tedious enough it was, she adds,) and she 'saw the Vacuum where the POPE keeps his Bulls.' But good Dame PARTINGTON only sends 'IKE' to his Bible; tells him to read the *Parigle* of the *Probable* Son; or if he don't want to do that, to go to any church where religion *is dispensed* with. Of these lighter writers of *Verbal Comic Literature*, if we may so term it, DOW JR.'s *white* Patent Sermons and JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL'S *colored* discourses, were marked examples. The first were never too long, but they were sometimes too broad—a defect, however, that was from time to time amended; while the latter were always full of humor, and 'nigger all over.' Our comic poetry need not fear a comparison with that of any country: HALLECK and HOLMES, and GEO. H. CLARKE, and SAXE, and our friend FREDERICK COZZENS, can answer at once for the present day: let us call up a gentle spirit from the past, who you will see had some fun about him, although his heart and his verse overflowed with tenderness and deep feeling. The lines we are going to cite are very brief. They are from the pen of JOHN G. C. BRAINARD, who died many years since, and are entitled '*The Sea Captain.*' They record the fact of a large square building being carried from the banks of Thames river, near Norwich, Conn., and borne far out by the tide into Long-Island Sound, where she was fallen in with by a schooner from Charleston, S. C.:

'SOLEMN he paced upon that schooner's deck,
And muttered of his hardships: 'I have been
Where the wild will of Mississippi's tide
Has dashed me on the sawyer: I have sailed

In the thick night, along the wave-washed edge
 Of ice, in acres, by the pitiless coast
 Of Labrador; and I have scraped my keel
 O'er coral rocks in Madagascar seas;
 And often in my cold and mid-night watch,
 Have heard the warning voice of the lee-shore
 Speaking in breakers! Ay, and I have seen
 The whale and sword-fish fight beneath my bows:
 And, when they made the deep boil like a pot,
 Have swung into its vortex; and I know
 To cord my vessel with a sailor's skill,
 And brave such dangers with a sailor's heart;
 But never yet upon the stormy wave,
 Or where the river mixes with the main,
 Or in the chafing anchorage of the bay,
 In all my rough experience of harm,
 Met I — a Methodist Meeting-House!

'Cat-head, or beam, or davit has it none,
 Starboard nor larboard, gunwale, stern nor stern!
 It comes in such a 'questionable shape,'
 I cannot even *speak* it! Up jib, Josey,
 And make for Bridgeport! There, where Stratford Point,
 Long-beach, Fairweather Island, and the buoy,
 Are safe from such encounters, we'll *protest*!
 And Yankee legends long shall tell the tale,
 That once a Charleston schooner was beset,
 Riding at anchor, by a Meeting-House.'

There was a peculiar species of *American Newspaper Literature*, much more current years ago than now, which, in its inception in the '*Charcoal Sketches*' of the late JOSEPH C. NEAL, of Philadelphia, was extremely amusing: I mean the detailed pictures of 'hard cases' found by the city watchmen at night, and brought before the City Council in the morning, as DOGBERRY says, to 'be examined.' Take a single passage in the life of '*Peter Brush*,' the victim of politics:

'SEATED upon the curb, with his feet across the gutter, he placed his elbow on a stepping-stone, and like JULIET on the balcony, leaned his head upon his hand — a hand that would perhaps have been the better of a covering, though none would have been rash enough to volunteer to be a glove upon it. He was in a dilapidated condition; out at elbows, out at knees, out of pocket, out of office, out of spirits, and out in the street; an 'out and outer' in every respect, and as *outré* a mortal as ever the eye of man did rest upon. For some time, Mr. Brush's reflections had been silent. Following HAMLET's advice, he 'gave them an understanding, but no tongue;' and he relieved himself at intervals by spitting forlornly into the kennel. At length, suffering his locked hands to fall between his knees, and heaving a deep sigh, he spoke:

'A long time ago, my ma used to put on her specks and say 'PETER, my son, put not your trust in princes;' and from that day to this I have n't done any thing of the kind, because none on 'em ever wanted to borry nothing of me; and I never see a prince or a king — but one or two, and they had been rotated out of office — to borry nothing of them. Princes! pooh! — Put not your trust in politicians — them's my sentiments. You might just as well try to hold an eel by the tail. I do n't care which side they're on, for I've tried both, and I know. Put not your trust in politicians, or you'll get a hyst.'

'Ten years ago it came into my head that things were n't going on right; so I pretty nearly gave myself up tee-totally to the good of the republic, and left the shop to look out for itself. I was brimful of patriotism, and so uneasy in my mind for the salivation of freedom, I could n't work. I tried to guess which side was going to win, and I stuck to it like wax; sometimes I was a-one side, sometimes I was a-t'other, and sometimes I straddled till the election was over, and came up jist in time to jine the hurrah. It was good I was after; and what good could I do if I was n't on the 'lected side? But, after all, it was never a bit of use. Whenever the battle was over, no matter what side was sharing out the loaves and the fishes, and I stepped up, I'll be hanged if they did n't cram all they could into their own mouths, put their arms over some, and grab at all the rest with their paws, and say: 'Go away, white man, you an't capable.' Capable! what's the reason I an't capable? I've got as extensive a throat as any of 'em, and I could swallow the loaves and fishes without choking, if each loaf was as big as a grind-stone and each fish as big as a sturgeon. Give PETER a chance, and leave

him alone for that. Then, another time when I called: 'I want some spoils,' says I; 'a small bucketful of spoils. Whichever side gets in, shares the spoils, do n't they?' So they first grinned, and then they ups and tells me that virtue like mine was its own reward, and that spoils might spoil me. But it was *no* spoils that spoil me, and *no* loaf and fish that starved me; I'm sp'ilt because I could n't get either. Put not your trust in politicians, I say it again. Both sides used me jist alike. Here I've been serving my country, more or less, these ten years, like a patriot — going to town meetings, hurraing my daylights out, and getting as blue as blazes — blocking the windows, getting licked fifty times, and having more black eyes and bloody noses than you could shake a stick at, all for the common good, and for the purity of our illegal rights; and all for what? Why, for nix. If any good has come of it, the country has put it into her own pocket, and swindled me out of my earnings. I can't get no office! Republics is ungrateful! It was n't *reward* I was after. I scorn the base insinuation. I only wanted to be took care of, and have nothing to do but to take care of the public, and I've only got half; nothing to do! Being took care of was the main thing. Republics is ungrateful, I'm blasted if they an't. This is the way old sogers is served! Well, well; live and learn — live and learn! The world's not what a man takes it for before he finds it out. Whiskers grows sooner than what experience does. Genus and patriotism an't got no chance — an't got narry look.'

The next and only quotation which I shall ask of your patience to listen to, is one far removed from the humorous. I read it to you, because, although it is only an extract, it will bring consolation to many a bereaved heart: and beside, perhaps some one who hears me may be able to inform me who is the author. It is not in GRISWOLD'S 'Poets and Poetry of America,' although it has been said to be by an American writer. It is entitled '*Lines to a Mother and her Dying Infant*:'

'Thou weepest, childless mother;
Ay, weep, 't will ease thine heart:
He was thy first-born son,
Thy first, thine only one:
'T is hard from him to part!

'T is hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the damp, cold earth,
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Once gladsome with his mirth.

'To meet again in slumber,
His small mouth's rosy kiss;
'Then wakened with a start,
By thine own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss!

'To feel (half conscious why)
A dull, heart-sinking weight,
'Till memory on thy soul
Flashes the painful whole,
That thou art desolate!

'And then to lie and weep,
And think the live-long night
(Feeding thine own distress
With accurate greediness)
Of every past delight.

'Of all his winning ways,
His pretty playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimicry,
And all his little wiles!

'Oh! these are recollections
Round mothers' hearts that cling;
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft awakening.

'But thou wilt then, fond mother!
In after years look back,
(Time brings such wondrous easing,)
With sadness not displeasing,
E'en on this gloomy track.

'Thou 'lt say: 'My first-born blessing,
It almost broke my heart,
When thou wert forced to go:
And yet for thee, I know
'T was better to depart.

God took thee in His mercy,
A lamb, untasked, untried:
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified.

I look around and see
The evil ways of men:
And O, beloved child!
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then.

The little arms that clasped me,
The innocent lips that pressed,
Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore
I lulled thee on my breast?'

Ladies and Gentlemen, my task is finished. My predecessors upon this platform were prepared with carefully-written and previously-delivered lectures: while I have been hurried in my piece-meal effort by the exacting duties of a periodical which has not even yet appeared before the public.

And hereabout we paused, made our obeisance, and retired; having been scared about half to death. - - - HOITY-TOITY! — what is the matter with 'PETER PROTEUS,' the historian of Cedar-Keys, and the biographer of the 'Eight-Hundred Dollar' Colored Orator of Jamaica? Surely he is losing his temper. What! — can't 'a-bear' to see the light-hearted 'boys' go out a-target-shooting? What harm do they do? And might n't they not be doing something worse, if they were not engaged in 'prize'-getting, and keeping up an esprit-de-corps among themselves? 'Marry now, tell us *that*, and unyoke.' Any how, hear PETER on '*Playing Soldier*':

'Who does not remember the admiration with which, in the days of his childhood, he beheld the captain of a 'soger company' walking backward in front of his men? The remarkable manner by which he managed to keep step to the music, although his progress was exactly reversed from the usual method of advancing; or, in other words, as he was 'advancing backward'? Who does not remember his delight at the shining muskets, the flowing plumes, the burnished musical instruments, the bright brass that nearly covered every man — private as well as officer — and the music itself; but in particular, the base-drum? Who, I say, does not remember all this? And who will deny that the parading of troops was an event in days gone by, that made an impression upon the youthful brain similar to that caused by a thump upon the crown of the cranium, (which gives a vision of stars,) only pleasanter, by far, and more lasting?

'But those days have gone by. The 'progressiveness of the age' has shown itself as much in the affairs of the civic-military as in any thing else. The target excursions and other parades of volunteer companies were managed quite differently then from what they are now. Then they were events in the city's history; now they are more than daily, almost hourly occurrences. In target-shooting then there was but one prize, and the best shot took that. They have improved upon this of late years; for on such occasions, at the present day, there are almost, if not quite, as many prizes awarded as there are members in a company. I remember once reading in a New-York newspaper, the following paragraph:

'THE first annual parade of the volunteer company, C — Guard,' under command of Captain D —, came off on Saturday. They numbered some forty muskets, and made an appearance that attracted the universal attention of the ladies at the windows, men at their business, and passengers in the streets, while marching to the Hoboken Ferry. They had a fine 'day's shooting' at POLLOCK'S Grounds, and wound up with a magnificent dinner at FLORENCE'S Hotel. The following is

A LIST OF THE PRIZES.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Suit of Clothes. | 6. Set of Silver Spoons. |
| 2. Case of COLT'S Pistols. | 7. \$10 Gold Piece. |
| 3. Gentleman's Toilet Case. | 8. \$10 Gold Piece. |
| 4. \$20 Gold Piece. | 9. \$5 Gold Piece. |
| 5. \$15 in Gold. | 10. Splendid Wreath. |

'Here is a list of prizes, including, beside, 'several orders for hats!' And these 'several orders for hats' amounted, I presume, to about thirty, which just covers the whole 'forty muskets.' The 'magnificent dinner at FLORENCE'S Hotel,' appears to have been thrown in, without being shot for. And think of those 'forty muskets' making 'an appearance that attracted the universal attention of ladies at the windows, men at their business, and passengers in the streets, while marching to the Hoboken Ferry!' Lucky muskets! One is surprised at their ever going off under such circumstances. What is meant by 'the *universal* attention of ladies at

the windows,' it is not easy to conjecture, to be sure; nor can I imagine how 'men at their business' could be attracted at all, much less 'universally;' for if they were looking at the soldiers, as we all used to do in the days of our puerility, they were certainly not 'at their business.'

'A martial spirit among a free people is highly commendable; and I by no means wish it to be understood that I would, for one moment, lend my voice to cry down the system of making soldiers of good citizens, to be ready for those unforeseen emergencies that must sometimes occur; but the style of 'playing soldier,' now so common in the large cities of our country, is boyish and absurd, and should not be countenanced by respectable journals. Paragraphs like the one above quoted, find their way into the columns of various newspapers, being written for that purpose by some of the grown children engaged in the sport of make-believe war. It is time to stop such squib-fustian, which, by the way, is not confined to the target-excursions of volunteer companies. There are other matters that might occupy the same space in a paper to the advantage of both the proprietor and subscriber; certainly of the latter.

'It is not surprising that any thing of the make-believe order should give us great delight in the days of our childhood; but it is hard to fancy *men* taking pleasure in such sports. Why not 'play horse,' as well as soldier? Is it at all creditable to human nature that men cannot behold the dazzling of tinsel and feathers, without making boys of themselves? Do such reflect for one moment what they are doing, as they strut through the thoroughfares of a city, regardless of mud and omnibuses? how many of all those looking at them are their real admirers?—and how many think they would be much better employed at their labors, whatever they might be? Beside others addicted to the same vanity, their admirers are composed of children, and descendants of the African race; the latter of whom generally keep up an agreeable whistling accompaniment to the musicians, and otherwise amuse themselves by yelling at a *confrère* of theirs who is usually employed to carry the target, and who is, in fact, the only really considerate individual in the whole company, for what he does is done for a livelihood. I should like very much to have a little talk with those people whose warlike demonstrations do not extend beyond a march of a day, a sail in a steamer, or a ride in a rail-car to practise target-shooting. I should not say aught against the necessary drills of a soldier; but this is a vanity carried to so great an extent now, that the services rendered by a portion of the militia of a State are forgotten and lost sight of, in consequence of the grandiloquent strains used in the public prints to describe how the Something-or-other 'Guards,' 'Cadets,' 'Grays,' or 'Blues' appeared as they passed up or down the streets. The real duties performed by the military of one or two States, on certain occasions, during the last few years, have been but little spoken of; while day after day special notice is given of such military companies as add to the confusion and turmoil of a dirty and misgoverned city, by their drums and their meaningless manoeuvres.'

What will querulous 'PETER' think, when we tell him that we have more than once contributed to the prizes of a target-company composed of young and intelligent printers; and we can't say that we ever knew or ever heard of any harm arising from their parade, their practise, or the cheerful, temperate repast with which they closed the 'exercises' of the day. Extravagant prizes, undue expenditure, of course, are quite different matters. Seriously, however: we have little patience with these crokers against innocent amuse-

ments. The HARPERS are considered to be intelligent men ; perhaps, on the whole, quite as intelligent, and with as much experience, as Mr. 'PETER' himself, who combs his hair of a morning, and comes down town through some street or other, the seventh-hundred-thousandth of the great population of Gotham. What is *his* voice among so many of a 'different way of thinking?' Mr. RAYMOND, of the '*Times*' daily journal, has a '*TIMES* Guard,' who go a-target shooting. Of course, his men who do this are 'fools,' and are 'despised' by the 'lookers-on.' The TRIBUNE has a similar corps of 'fools' and 'despised' men ; but they thrive on it, some how. We commend our friend 'PETER' to a prudent husbandry of his invective, or a better subject for mere scolding, without grace of wit or delicacy of satire. Can it be possible that the signature of the historian of '*Cedar-Keys*,' and the '*Eight-Hundred Dollar Fellow*' is usurped in this case? Certainly the hand-writing seems not to be the same. - - - The '*West-shore Railroad*,' from Piermont to New-York, by way of Hoboken, will ere long be a 'fixed fact.' The Company is organized ; the necessary amount subscribed ; the permanent officers and directors chosen ; the first instalment paid in ; and the surveyors, engineers, and men at work. To those who are at all familiar with the west-shore of the Hudson, from DOBBS' Ferry to Piermont, and thence north to Rockland Lake, it would be superfluous to say any thing in commendation of the scenery : the fine views of the Hudson and its eastern border ; the points of surpassing beauty ; the climate, or other characteristics of the region. But to others, and especially to those who desire to know where, within an hour of the city, they can find sites for first-class residences, which have all the requisites of taste and health, it may be interesting to know some particulars concerning this, now the only primitive and unoccupied region within twenty miles of the great metropolis. The road is designed only for passenger traffic, and the local business of the inhabitants along the line. The route, after crossing the Bergen Ridge, is nearly level. There are no draw-bridges or other obstacles to be encountered, and the necessary amount of grading is so small, that a short period only is necessary for the construction. The geological formation of Piermont and its vicinity is in all respects in its favor. It is free from limestone ; the alluvion is generally dry ; the hills consist of sand or gravel ; the water is pure ; the soil naturally excellent, and adapted to trees and every kind of culture. The topography is diversified and picturesque in a degree nowhere surpassed. The ridges which overlook the Hudson command also extended and various inland views. Insulated elevations, abrupt eminences, gentle slopes, bluffs, and ravines, diversify both sides of the valley of the Sparkill, and that of the east branch of the Hackensack ; while the view to the east, including Sing-Sing, Tarrytown, Irvington, etc., at certain points overlooks West-Chester, Long-Island Sound, and parts of Long-Island. In Piermont and its near vicinity there are a goodly number and variety of sites at different elevations, from fifty to four hundred feet above the Hudson, which are easily accessible, and every way eligible for first-class residences ; and which, though wholly out of the way of the business part of the village, are within half a mile to a mile of intended stations on

the new rail-road. From the higher elevations the road westerly to the rail-road has an easy grade. The common roads in this region are generally good. The drives to Nyack, to Rockland Lake, to Bluveltville, Old Tappan, and farther south, are extremely diversified and pleasant. The healthfulness of the region is proverbial. There are no local causes of insalubrity. The natural formation, the soil, the water and the air, combine to exclude agues, bilious complaints, and all other local diseases and epidemics. We have deemed it a service to the public to call attention to the localities we have described. Those who may desire places, will, we are confident, feel well repaid for the trouble of 'examining for themselves.' Those who wish to build, will but have time enough for that before the rail-way will be in use. The materials for building, whether of brick, red or gray sand-stone, trap-rock, or wood, are locally abundant, or as easily and cheaply attainable as at any other place. And now, 'to conclude,' speedy completion and abundant success to the *West-shore Rail-road!* No more fear of ice-bound rivers; no more 'going round the Horn' to reach the metropolis; no more wistful looking across the Tappan Zee, to see people reading the New-York papers at eight o'clock on winter-mornings, which you can't obtain till eight in the evening! The 'West-shore Rail-road' will run through one of the loveliest regions of country in the State. It is classic ground almost the entire distance. WASHINGTON's Head-Quarters at Tappan; ANDRÉ's prison, and the place of his execution and burial; the ancient and beautiful village of Scrallenburgh, with other localities famous in the revolution, alternate throughout nearly the whole distance. - - - We shall be glad to hear often from the '*Slow Young Man*,' who favors us with his '*Meditations upon the Days of the Years of Methuselah*.' He has struck a pleasant 'vein,' and we hope he will 'work it' with care:

'How many men are there who have ever taken into their minds the full meaning of those nine hundred sixty and nine years which measure the life of the 'Oldest Inhabitant'? Figures of arithmetic are empty symbols: we measure time by deeds. One summer's life in busy, fruitful lands, seems longer to man's heart than centuries at the frozen pole. Yet, though history records nothing of the labors of METHUSELAH, we know that his hours did not 'slumber nor sleep.' They were the same winged messengers that out-run cashless debtors, and cut short lovers' dreams. They were the same swift-stepping elves, O faded Beauty! whose forked feet trod thy dimples into wrinkles. The TIME that waited so long on METHUSELAH, was the same striding skeleton that swings a pitiless scythe in the pages of the New-England Primer. His fields were mowed less frequently than now, but they yielded heavier crops. 'For there were giants in those days.'

'We have measured the age of METHUSELAH only by the sun-dial. Let us take the coil of the life, the nine hundred sixty and nine years of his pilgrimage, and roll it out from this present, over a past which history has lighted. It stretches back beyond the landing of the Pilgrims; beyond the brightness of the Reformation, into the dim twilight of the Middle Ages; back beyond the new birth of a continent; beyond Agincourt, and Cressy, and Hastings, and over the graves of twenty-five generations, to the very childhood of the English people! WILLIAM the Conqueror, if he should rise at this day to confound the ambitious names which claim to have 'come over' with him, would be younger, by one hundred years, than METHUSELAH was when he died!

'So long was the life of the ELDEST MAN; nine blank and voiceless centuries! Where were his hands and thoughts employed through all that wilderness of years? He might have builded high as heaven, or pierced to earth's void centre. Though he were the most indolent of mortals, we may at least be certain of *this* fact, that he ate three meals a day. At a moderate rate of computation, then, he must have consumed eight thousand head of oxen, and washed them down with sixty thousand gallons of some kind of fluid. The *et ceteras* it is impossible to calculate. O ye mathematical philanthropists! who delight in casting up the terrible sum-total of our favorite peccadilloes of diet, what a field is open here for your investigations. Supposing this 'Oldest Inhabitant' to have smoked twice a day during his life! He would have puffed away seven thousand three hundred and twenty-one boxes of segars; the cost of which, at wholesale, would furnish every heathen in Patagonia with a pair of new boots! If he had been a tea-drinker, he would have absorbed enough of that beverage to have kept the fingers and tongues of all the sewing-circles in Yankeedom in active operation for one hundred years! If he had indulged in chalk and slate pencils, according to the daily average of young ladies at boarding-school, he would have destroyed a quantity of building material sufficient to construct a commodious tenement for some houseless Hottentot!

'We must not attempt to measure the age of METHUSELAH by a modern standard. At that same cup of life which the hot haste of this generation drains to its dregs, in three-score years, he sipped away calmly for centuries. He was a slow liver. These nine hundred and sixty-nine years were not spent in a brief paradise of youth, and a dreary waste of dotage. They made up one symmetrical life, equally divided between the seven ages of man. Stand back, 'YOUNG AMERICA,' whose embryo sinews ache to mingle in the great world's strife, and consider for a moment the childhood of METHUSELAH. That venerable man must have been subject to maternal restraints for no less than ninety years! He could not have sought the bonds of wedlock in unseemly haste, for LAMECH, his eldest son, and his heir, was born in the one hundred and eighty-seventh year of his father's pilgrimage. Modern love is but a powder-flash; hot, swift, self-consuming. The love of shepherds on the Assyrian plains grew as the tiny fountain grows, from brooklet into broader stream, till, swelling wide with slow increase, it bursts into the boundless sea. Mr. METHUSELAH lived, loved and—waited. He could well afford to wait ten times as long as JACOB for the RACHEL of his hopes, for the rose-tints in her cheek were fast colors, and among antediluvian ladies there were no old maids of less than three centuries.

'We travel through life as modern fashionables make the grand tour; tasting samples of fruit and wine; catching brief glimpses of blue Alps and broad rivers, and promenading a moment before the master-pieces of RAPHAEL and TITIAN. But those primeval patriarchs strolled through the world sublimely oblivious of the flight of time; in the green pastures and beside the still waters, reposing with infinite delight, and treading the dark valleys of sorrow with unspeakable calm. For them the boundless riches of Nature, half lost to the careless eye, were not poured out in vain. They drank deep draughts of beauty, not only from cloud-wrapt mountains and crimson sun-sets and summer seas, but from things which die unseen beneath the tread of hurrying feet. And every one who gives time to the study of Nature, finds on the earth an Eden still worthy of immortals: redolent of infinite perfume, murmuring with ceaseless melody, laden with ambrosial sweets.

'In the enjoyment of such simple and tireless pleasures, the youth and the manhood of METHUSELAH must have glided away like a dream. At length the summit

of his life was reached, and he trod down slowly to the tomb. Nine times the century plant had blossomed since his birth, and a new bud was crimsoning with the blood of summers, whose bursting he should not behold. The dark, destroying angels had long swept past him in their ceaseless rounds as the hungry sand-billows of the desert fly from the sacred feet of Sphynx. But now that the pride of his brow and the greatness of his strength had departed, they gathered like ravens that follow the fainting foot-steps of the warrior wounded unto death. Yet, to that dark and silent river he went down slowly and calmly as the setting sun, gazing with golden smiles far up to the zenith of his noon, and back to the gates of his morning.

“And all the days of METHUSELAH were nine hundred sixty and nine years, and he died.”

Were *his* ‘years’ our years? - - - WHEN DONALD MACLEOD repaired to Saint Louis, to take the editorial helm of the ‘*Saint Louis Sunday Leader*,’ we said to ourselves, ‘*There* will be a good paper.’ We were right. We have, from some cause or other, seen as yet but three numbers of this journal; but we have seen enough to convince us, that the ‘*Sunday Leader*’ will prove to be one of the best conducted news and literary sheets of the West. The editorials are distinguished by their vigor and force of style; and the selected portions present an unwonted variety, and are made with unexceptionable taste. Moreover, there is another feature of good editorship, which is apparent at a glance; and that is, the *merit of omission*, a merit too often lost sight of by newspaper-editors. There is as much merit, almost, in omitting what should *not* appear, as there is in printing what cannot fail to amuse or gratify the fancy and taste of all. Mr. MACLEOD understands this perfectly, and ‘acts accordingly.’ The ‘*Leader*’ has our cordial good-wishes for its wide extension among thousands of good paying subscribers, east and west, north and south. - - - ‘*Audi alteram partem*’ is not only our motto but our practice: we therefore present the following letter from Judge KEEN, of Florida, as a simple matter of justice.

‘In the far-off regions of the ‘sunny South,’ where ‘Summer first unfolds her robes, and there the longest tarries;’ where the peninsula stretches its arm from the land of flowers into the Mexican Gulf, lies a beautiful little island, not far removed from the main-land shore, which but a few years since was under the dominion of the still unconquered Seminole, when the voice of civilization had not as yet given it ‘a habitation and a name.’ This little island has been visited but by few travellers, and except by those engaged in the late savage conflict of arms, is but little known beyond those of its own and neighboring States. The beauty and healthfulness of its position, and its local bearing upon a large extent of agricultural and commercial resources, have nevertheless attracted attention. Here no noisome exhalations taint the purity of the atmosphere, no pestilence visits its shores. During the raging epidemics, which have brought sorrow and desolation to the homes of other places along the coast, none has ever set its mark on this favored spot. The invigorating breezes of the sea give purity and elasticity to the air, and temper the summer’s noon-tide heat, and the cooling land-breeze soothes with genial and refreshing influence the hours of rest. Health asks no benefit from change of place, and pride and luxury only tax the purse for the costly summer tour, or fashion’s migratory follies.

Here, too, the *bon vivant* and the epicure may revel in the luxuries which the surrounding waters have provided with a lavish hand; oysters which would cast into the shade the famed bivalves of the Chesapeake; fish of almost every variety, and of every season; green turtle of the most tempting flavor, fresh, plump, and fat from their native element; and the wild game of the neighboring forests and waters, sea-fowl,

land-fowl, and quadruped afford sport, and recreation, and luxuries for the table in unlimited abundance and variety.

'Those who have visited the island on business or pleasure — and their number has increased since the establishment of the Gulf Line of Mail Steam-ships — have duly appreciated the attractions here presented. Others, too, have been here on professional duties, and, with but rare exceptions, have betokened a sense of their gratification, and of the unassuming courtesy, intelligence, and hospitality of the principal members of its population.

'Intelligent persons, who have thus favorably spoken of the place, have also regarded its prospective advancement as a business mart, founded on ample resources of the country, and the advantages of its interior navigation as beyond any possibility of question from fact or analogy. And the great rail-road, now in the course of rapid construction, and to be completed within the *coming year and a half*, will not, it is thought by persons of ordinary sagacity, essentially diminish the favorable prospects of those who have lots to sell 'as low as five hundred dollars.'

'Though the track of the savage is scarcely yet erased from the soil which constitutes its extended resources, a beginning has been made. A steam mail-line extends communication two hundred miles into the interior of a fertile country, and along the coast, bringing its products of sugar, cotton, molasses, etc., for exportation; and the custom-house books of the port exhibit exports of nearly \$200,000 a year, for the few years of its incipient business existence, under the difficulties and struggles incident to a new and but partially developed country.

'This island is one of the group of the Cedar Keys, and known as Atseena-Otie, its aboriginal name, characteristically given to it by the Indians from the quantity of cedar which covered it, and which was cut and used by the army for building purposes, while in their occupation as a military depot.

'Having premised this brief statement of facts, it doubtless will occur to you, that they have reference to an article in the Editor's Table of the June number of the KNICKERBOCKER, with the signature of PETER PROTEUS.

'So, then, this witty writer has visited Atseena-Otie, and though his historical researches and sharp-witted investigations could not discover that any cedar ever grew on the island, or his sagacity penetrate the great secret of its name, the rage of his *cacoethes scribendi* was not to be restrained by ordinary obstacles, or the necessity of facts upon which to dilate.

'Fiction constitutes the principal element of some minds, and can set 'the poet's eye with a fine frenzy rolling;' when the aliment of sober truth would be distasteful to the perverted imagination.

'If I am not greatly mistaken in the identity of this Mr. PETER, the gentlemanly associates with whom he has been temporarily placed in an honorable position, will scarcely think he has 'rendered unto CÆSAR the things that are CÆSAR's, or evinced an honorable or gentlemanly return for the hospitalities extended to him at the hands of those he would hold up to ridicule.

'But *is* this the PETER, the PETER PROTEUS, whom his renowned sire empowered with the gift of prophecy, and change of shape and name? Or is it not rather that other renowned PETER, 'Peter, the pumpkin-eater,' who has essayed to raise his own pumpkins? Whether so or not, certainly they are 'some pumpkins!' And whether the production of the warm and generous South, or of the more genial *Arctic* regions of the frigid zone, he may find it expedient, like his great prototype, to deny his identity, and change his form; or in other, and more vulgar phrase, swallow his own pumpkins! He will find, too, in his experience, that the Carpathian Sea will not furnish an example of mythological experiment for the good people of the Mexican Gulf. But whether he be PETER or PAUL, PROTEUS or *Hippocrates*, the people of Florida are certainly under great obligations to his genius for the complimentary and eulogistic eloquence with which he speaks of 'Floridian progress' of 'one mile a year;' for the self-complacent wit and humor with which he holds up to ridicule their institutions, their interests, and their individual citizens, and especially for his very careful regard for that old-fashioned cardinal virtue called truth!

'When wit, however sparkling, becomes offensive by wanton indulgence, it should be guarded by this same old-fashioned panoply. When it falsely assails public or private interests, or individuals, neither the elegance of its disguise nor the flippancy of its style, will save its author from the recoil of merited contempt. If PROTEUS could have borrowed from his brother ARGUS one only of his hundred eyes, he could have scarcely mistaken for *two hundred and fifty oysters* as many bales of Sea-Island cotton, or for a 'half-bushel of lime' a cargo of sugar and molasses; nor have racked his brain to trace the origin of a Judge to an 'army sutler,' or of a landed proprietor to that of a 'squatter!'

'Alas! it needed not the sound of an ancient lyre to act upon the modern visual organs, nor the mythological power of transformation to reproduce an Io's mystic fate, or the more signal and enlarging effect upon the indicators of the hearing faculty!

'In conclusion, allow me to express my profound admiration for the gifted author of PROTEUS, and in return for his laudable efforts in our behalf, assure him that at the next meeting of the newly organized Historical Society of Florida, his name shall be presented as an honorary member, with a vote of thanks for his valuable contributions to its objects.

JUDGE KEEN.'

Pro and *con*, 'and there an end.' - - - BY-AND-BY, it seems to us, if rail-road and car improvements continue to advance at their present rate, 'all the world and his wife' will be a-travelling, instead of staying at home a *part* of the time, and 'attending to business.' We were thinking of this the other day, as we were journeying toward Binghamton, in one of the New-York and Erie Rail-road Company's new and improved cars, built upon the principle of Mr. MACCALLUM, SEYMOUR, and HAWLEY's bridges, under the superintendence of Mr. H. RICE, Master of Engines and Cars at Piermont. These cars are literally luxurious parlors. You step into one, and this thought will strike you at once. The long cars are sixty-five feet in length, including the platform, and eleven feet wide; and here seventy-four passengers, with 'ample room and verge enough,' can sit upon luxuriously-cushioned seats of velvet, three feet and ten inches wide. One scarcely knows which most to admire, the beauty and polish of the wood-work of the cars, or the richness and good taste of the upholstery. These cars are constructed with all the latest improvements of the day. First and foremost, they are furnished with Messrs. FOOT AND HAY's '*Patent Ventilator*,' one of the most beautiful, as it is one of the most effective inventions of the kind, we ever saw. Doubtless, in time, they will be on all the cars of every prominent rail-road in the country. We profess not to be able to describe it, simple though it be: * only this we can say, that flowing water, stream-

* The following, however, is a description 'in little' of the *modus operandi*: The improvement consists in a large longitudinal air-chamber under the car, with grated openings to let air in through the floor. Transversely across this air-chamber is a reservoir of water, with a pump on one side of the car, driven by the wheels, to raise it to the top, so that it can fall back through a passage on the other side. Air is admitted on the top of the car, by the rapid motion of which it is forced down along with the falling water into the air-chamber beneath. The water in its fall is thus converted into a shower, and the air is not only deprived of its dust, but perfectly cooled, and on the hottest day renders the car perfectly agreeable. The side-windows may be partially opened, but the draft is all outward, and no dust enters. It is an admirable invention, and should be generally applied. Every rail-road in the country can be supplied with this apparatus for the comparatively small sum of two hundred and fifty dollars a car: a sum saved to the wearing apparel of passengers in a single trip, to say nothing of the invisible but delicious 'motor' of coolness.

ing behind a glass door in the centre of the side of the car, and open ornamental iron register-grates in the floor, keep every part of it as cool and as free from dust, as if you sat in your own parlor. There was no more dust when we arrived at our long journey's end for the night, than when we set out. The spacious seats, as arrangeable for comfort and change of position as an improved 'easy-chair,' are made after the 'reclining' patent of C. P. BAILEY. We should have mentioned that in each car is a superb 'Lady's Saloon,' which will gain the warm admiration of our friends of the 'opposite sex.' We were shown other important improvements, not so likely to attract attention at first sight perhaps, but equally valuable: such as the patent draw-heads; STEVENS' patent brake, KIMBALL AND RICE's patent brake-connections, improved axle-boxes, etc. Touching all these, we can only speak of the combined result — the smoothest-running cars we ever sat in in our life. As we 'expanded' in one of these luxurious cars, rolling at a high rate of speed on a broad gauge, past scenery which, for its variety of the sublime and beautiful, is not surpassed in the Union, we could not help remarking to Mr. RAMSDALL, the President, and Mr. RIDDLE, an officer of one of the 'Divisions,' '*This is indeed the Poetry of Rail-road Travelling!*' And really and truly it was. - - - WE doubt if we deceive ourselves in believing that we detest *cant*, of all kinds; but the cant of a pseudo-philanthropy is our utter aversion. We quote a little specimen in this kind from a versified communication, entitled '*The Wood-Sawyer*,' sent us last winter, but which we shall doubtless transfer to the 'Balaam-box,' unnoticed, if we do not express a few thoughts in relation to it now:

'SILENTLY the snow is falling,
Softly falling on the earth:
Falling on an aged sawyer,
Sawing for a rich man's hearth.

'Flake on flake is wafting downward:
Each would seem a tiny dove,
Lighting on the earth in silence,
Emblem of the rest above.

'Clinging to the aged sawyer,
Mantling him with fleecy gown,
Wreathing him an icy halo:
'Tis his only earthly crown!

'Forty winters has he labored —
Sawing, sawing, in the cold:
Like his coat of many patches,
He has long been growing old.

'Gazing from the massive window,
Lazily the rich man stands:
And he never thinks of asking
Sawyer in to warm his hands!

'Grudgingly he pays his dollar;
To his blazing hearth he goes:
Carelessly he leaves the Sawyer
To the biting frost and snows.

'Something like a shadow passes
O'er the poor old sawyer's brow;
And he wonders, if hereafter
Times will be as hard as now!

'Wonders, if in yonder Heaven,
Whence those endless snow-flakes start,
There is any nook or corner,
Half so cold as rich man's heart.'

'Half so cold as rich man's heart!' 'Twaddle and bosh!' There are scores upon scores of rich men in this metropolis, who have hearts as warm as ever beat in the bosom of the poorest man that 'ever trod shoe-leather' — or went bare-foot, for that matter. The affectation of 'fashionable philanthropy' in the foregoing is as transparent as crystal: the feeling it displays is evidently pumped up. We would wager 'a ducat to a beggarly denier' that the writer would 'feel' any where but in his pocket for the 'poor wood-sawyer.' 'It's not at all in our way!' - - - THE following has been accidentally omitted from, or crowded out of, two successive numbers of THE KNICKERBOCKER: The recent death of GEORGE W. HASKINS, of Buffalo, one of

the editors of the '*Express*' daily journal of that city, has excited a melancholy interest in the minds of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Mr HASKINS was an able and a ready writer, possessed of varied information, acquired both by study and by extensive travels over his own country. He was greatly and deservedly esteemed by a wide circle of friends. He was at one time connected with the old '*Spirit of the Times*' in this city, and subsequently with the editorial department of the *Buffalo Courier*, our friend SEAYER's flourishing daily. Mr. HASKINS leaves a widow and two children to mourn his sudden and untimely death. We proffer them our sincere sympathy in their great bereavement, which none can *know* or *feel* like themselves. - - - CONSIDERING the years in which this Magazine has been printed by Mr. JOHN A. GRAY — and they are many — it will not now be deemed inappropriate or inopportune for us to say something in relation to his connection with us as printer of the KNICKERBOCKER. For fourteen years we sat side by side with WILLIAM OSBORN, reading proofs, and, with him, directing the mechanical arrangement of our beloved MAGA: but at length he died, and was laid in the ground with many tears; for he was a good printer, a good man, and a good Christian. Looking around for his successor, a fortunate choice was made in the selection of Mr. JOHN A. GRAY, whose establishment was then in Cliff-street, a little *above* opposite to the *old* buildings of the BROTHERS HARPER. Our transfer thither, at the first, was painful. Where was our old printer? — where the old compositors, who had 'set up' so many hundreds of pages of our manuscript? We were among strangers; but we soon found ourselves at home. The establishment of Mr. GRAY, even at that time, was extensive. Piles of paper from the mills encumbered the side-walks; presses were rumbling and rattling over the whole of the double six-story building; and composing-rooms, with long crossing vistas of compositors at their cases, was even then a 'sight to see.' One day we asked for Mr. GRAY. He came in a moment; our business was short, and he left. This, then, was Mr. GRAY; the man we had seen, now with pencil in his lips, and a slip of paper in his hand, taking account of printed and pressed sheets in the ware-room, piled to the ceiling; now looking at cards rolling from a rotary press, bright in gold and vermillion; now glancing at a sheet of which one hundred thousand copies must be ready by night-fall — this was Mr. GRAY; cool, self-possessed, and everywhere, and *always overseeing*. He was ubiquitous. While reading our proof one day, we looked out of the window upon Jacob-street. Stone pillars, iron girders, excavations! 'What is all this?' 'A new and extensive building: it runs almost from street to street.' Day by day it arose under our eyes, with its lofty iron columns, until at last it shut out the street itself from view, and rose above the building in which we read and wrote. Then came the sound of the saw, the chisel, the hammer, and the plane: the smell of paint was 'all abroad' in the air; huge fragments of Titan machinery gathered about the doors; and down in a wide vault, men in scores, with paper caps and begrimed over-alls, and arms, and hands, were at work, and we used to pause and watch them, as we were retiring from our labors at the office. And when all this was complete, and we saw scores of iron printing-presses putting up in the building; saw 'case' after

'case' carried in, and boxes of new type encumbering the floor, then for the first time were we made aware that this immense establishment was also *Gray's Printing-Office*. It is not often that you find, as an adjunct of a printing-office, however complete, a *Stereotype Foundry*; yet Mr. GRAY can boast of one of the best and most extensive in the city; one that is capable of turning out as many and as good plates as any similar establishment in America. We mention this for the especial benefit of publishers; and as a matter of sincere gratitude for the care which has been bestowed upon these pages, we may add, that in Mr. JONATHAN S. GREEN, Mr. GRAY may claim to possess one of the very best proof-readers in this metropolis. We would trust a ms. of a thousand pages in his hands for stereotyping, with perfect confidence in its final correctness as a printed book. Mr. GREEN is a born proof-reader; and he 'has not lived in vain.' We confess, from our long connection with the establishment, that we felt a kind of personal pride in its vast extent and completeness—unequalled, we know, on this side of the water, and not excelled, we firmly believe, by any similar establishment in the world. As we watch the huge engine, quietly doing its great work, moving noiselessly, but with such beautiful regularity that we never tire of looking at its bright array of wheels and shafts, and pistons; printing thirty periodicals and religious journals, books in fabulous editions, cards, hand-bills, etc., all at the same moment; we say, when we watch all this, we are reminded of the Proprietor of the establishment himself. Now you shall see him standing in one department a moment, conversing, perhaps, with the editors of two religious journals; the next, mounted beside the driver of one of his delivery wagons, in a rain-storm, with an India-rubber blanket drawn up around him; for he is going *to see* that the huge order of business cards and circulars which are to go by the next train are not left behind. Coming in again, you find him making a calculation for a book, or estimating the cost of twenty thousand business circulars or hand-bills; and yet always the same—calm, cool, collected. His advertisement, to which we call the attention of our readers, as in itself well worthy of perusal, 'tells the whole story'; only it is even too modestly set forth. *In all respects*, the establishment is *complete*. What we wished especially to dwell upon was the *minute personal supervision* which Mr. GRAY exercises over every department of his vast establishment. This silent, watchful assiduity, at all hours, (for Mr. GRAY asks none of his workmen to be before *him* at their duty,) is the surest guarantee that every thing in the way of printing submitted to his hands will be well and promptly executed. But we must pause. We have felt that we owed it to Mr. GRAY to say what we have here set down; for all our readers can testify with what justice he has earned *our* 'good word,' by the manner in which he has for years executed this Magazine: and we are glad to see that all our contemporaries, for whom he prints, yield him similar praise. - - - We are neither 'a prophet, nor the son of a prophet;' yet we cannot help felicitating ourselves upon the fact, that before our friend, Mr. HALLETT, President of the '*Nautilus Submarine Company*,' repaired to England with his great invention, we predicted its complete success. When Mr. HALLETT puts his hand to the plough, he looks

not back. Late London journals devote large space to an account of experiments with the 'Nautilus' in the VICTORIA Docks, on the Thames. They were witnessed not only by baronets, lords, city dignitaries, etc., in great numbers, but by very many of the first engineers in England, including Mr. ROBERT STEPHENSON, the very first scientific engineer in Great Britain. At a repast given by the 'Nautilus' Company to their distinguished guests, after the experiments, Mr. STEPHENSON pronounced the highest eulogiums upon the invention. In the course of his remarks, which were frequently interrupted with 'Hear, hear,' and 'loud cheers,' he said:

'THERE are distinct classes of mechanical genius; one distinguished for extreme ingenuity in minute details, applicable to many processes of the highest value in civilized society; but I think the highest class of mechanical talent and genius is brought to bear in completing those mechanical contrivances that may be called rough and ready machines. Every mechanic in this room will fully appreciate what I mean. I consider this one of such rough and ready machines, and I must say that the Nautilus Diving-bell appears to me to combine the highest class of mechanical skill with that high class of ingenuity in detail to which I have referred. I must frankly say that, from the beginning to the end, I have never witnessed a piece of mechanism so perfectly adapted to the purposes for which it was designed as the Nautilus Diving-bell and Pump. Gentlemen, with the toast I have proposed, you must permit me to couple the names of Mr. HALLETT and Major SEARS, to whom, I consider, we are indebted for introducing this remarkable result of mechanical ingenuity and genius. Before I conclude, I think it right I should give you the substance of a statement made in reference to the working of this machine, by the engineer of the VICTORIA Docks. It appears that great difficulty had been experienced, under the old method, of replacing the heavy iron roller plates for the outer dock gates. The Nautilus was applied to this work, and I have no doubt the meeting will be surprised to learn the fact that an amount of work which had previously occupied a period of three weeks and four days, was performed by the Nautilus in two days and two hours, with the same number of men employed daily.'

The toast to MESSRS. HALLETT and SEARS was received with a hearty 'three-times-three.' Mr. HALLETT responded with equal modesty and good taste. Major SEARS in his reply, remarked: 'I can scarcely express the feeling of pride with which I have listened to the opinion expressed by Mr. STEPHENSON, the greatest of all engineers — the chief of chiefs — the man whose reputation is boundless; for who in any quarter of the globe does not know of his preëminence? I would rather have heard the words of approval which fell from him to-day than from any other man living.' Thus has 'The Nautilus' spread its sail to favoring gales in England, and it will soon appear in other waters. - - - We fancy we recognize in the hand-writing of the 'Scene on the Missouri River,' our old correspondent, the recorder of the amusing 'sayings and doings' of 'Uncle REUBEN!' Is it not so? or have we missed it *this* time? However, it 'makes no difference.'

'ALL the world went to California, you know, and the 'rest of mankind' are now going to Kansas. I lately travelled up the Missouri River. The boat was crowded to suffocation. Look at the cabin at mid-night! — cheek by jowl and point to toe they lie; a heterogeneous mass of mattresses, men and boots. There was 'lots of fun.' CHARLEY MCGILL was on board. He is well known throughout a large section as a splendid violinist, and a 'broth of a boy' for a joke.

'At Providence a 'greeny' came on the boat, and CHARLEY soon found out that 'greeny' had a fiddle, by which he was accustomed to 'discourse most excellent music' at country dances. MCGILL was in for fun at once, and seating himself near the forward stove, and near the verdant, he displayed all his talent as a mimic, in pulling out the most countrified 'Arkansas Traveller' and 'Zip Coon' you ever heard. It was too much for the new-comer, and soon he was on the tapis with his fiddle. CHARLEY played 'horrid second' to several of the most execrable tunes

imaginable; tunes played most ludicrously. C—— was soon requested by his partner to 'play us something, and I'll go second.'

'Then came a little twisting of the screws, a little premonitory flourishing, and followed 'STRAKOSCH's Yankee Doodle' with variations. 'GREENY' sawed a kind of accompaniment to the plain 'Yankee,' but when it came to the 'Doodle' he was 'up a stump,' and turned away when the piece was completed, saying: 'What confounded foolin' is *that*? You go a-jerkin' and a-twistin' like mad. You'll never larn to play, young man, till you git to goin' slower. Ef I s'posed you could n't a-played, I would n't of axed you. Some folks's presumptions *is* surprising, that's a fact. No wonder these people's a-laffin. Go slow, young man; git a good fiddle, and keep a-tryin', and mebby you'll larn!'

'With this good advice, he left, amid the shouts of the by-standers.'

Is 'Uncle REUBEN' dead and gone? - - - RECOVERING recently from an exceedingly severe bilious attack, the natural subsequent weakness was so greatly allayed by the use of '*Rexford's Bitters*,' in a glass of Imperial Pale Sherry before meals, that we cannot resist the inclination most heartily to commend this preparation to the public. There is small need of this, we are well aware, so far as the proprietor of the same is concerned, as its sale is increasing, in town and country, beyond all precedent. These bitters are what they claim to be, carminative, tonic, stomachic, anti-dyspeptic, and deliciously aromatic. They are purely vegetable, and contain no cathartic ingredients whatever. Their merits as a *preventive* of agues and bilious diseases are as remarkable as their actual curative properties. One never need to 'lose his appetite' with a bottle of these bitters in the house:

'The maker's name is L. M. REXFORD,
Who does much good, though he find no text for't:
He lives in Binghamton, County Broome,
And for many such *Trout-men* there an't no room.'

Moreover, Mr. FREDERIC S. COZZENS, Number 73 Warren-street, is the sole agent for our city. - - - We shall mention no names in connection with the subjoined note. We shall simply say that it is entirely veritable. The 'negotiation' spoken of, we think explains itself:

'DEAR SIR: Old wagons are like old clothes, they don't sell well. A man had an umbrella that was the worse for wear. He could n't get rid of it: he hung it in front of his store, with a shilling fastened to it. A traveller stopped, took the shilling, and was going away without the umbrella. The owner rushed out, exclaiming: 'My friend, you can't have that shilling unless you take the umbrella!' The traveller shook his head and returned the shilling.

'I have *seen* the wagon, and have no desire to own it. I think you may get rid of it by the course above indicated. With the most charitable feeling toward the wagon and yourself, I remain truly yours,' etc.

A *slightly* cool 'declension!' - - - We reach home from a *Week's Fishing in Some of the Lakes of 'John Brown's Tract'*, with a distinguished and most pleasant party, just in time to say, that life and health permitting, our readers shall hear 'all about it' in our next number: in which issue, also, we shall endeavor to redeem numerous omissions, which we have not present space even to specify.

Great Rail-Road Celebration.

OPENING OF THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAIL-ROAD FROM CINCINNATI TO ST. LOUIS.

L. GAYLORD CLARK, Esq. :

MY DEAR SIR: If I were to take passage on one of the night-boats running on the Hudson River, and on awaking at Albany next morning should attempt to write a description of the scenery on the banks of the River, I should not be much more at a loss than I am in making a sketch of my hasty trip to Cincinnati, St. Louis, and the great West on the occasion of the opening of the Ohio and Mississippi Rail-road, though nearly all that can be said on the subject will have been written and read long before our pages are issued. Yet such an occasion, the commemoration of an event of such magnitude will bear some repetition, and one who has had the privilege of witnessing and enjoying such scenes is bound to give his impressions of the same.

This, the most extensive rail-road excursion ever given in this or any other country, was given by the Ohio and Mississippi Rail-road, on its completion from Cincinnati to St. Louis; by the Baltimore and Ohio Road, now extended to Parkersburg in Virginia; and by the Marietta and Cincinnati Rail-road, just finished, which completes the direct connection between Cincinnati and Baltimore. I wished particularly to have gone over the Baltimore and Ohio Road, for I had heard much of the stability of the work, and the splendid scenery in crossing the Alleghanies, but I could not leave in time, and was therefore obliged to go by the Pennsylvania Central to Pittsburgh.

June the first was an unpleasant, close, rainy evening, as at six P.M. I took the Jersey City ferry-boat to go to Philadelphia. On board the boat I met Col. RUSSELL SMITH, of Yonkers, also an excursionist, and who was my fellow-traveller to Cincinnati. The rain made the trees and grass green and beautiful as we journeyed in the evening twilight which lasted till we got opposite Princeton. We reached Philadelphia about ten P.M., in a pouring rain, and after a hasty lunch, we took the cars for Pittsburgh.

Our ride from Philadelphia to Harrisburg was any thing but agreeable, the cars being crowded and proper ventilation prevented by the rain. The morning was clear and beautiful, and we had a glimpse of Pennsylvania's capital as we passed the city. We soon crossed the Susquehanna and stopped at Altona, where we found an excellent breakfast. Soon after leaving this place we began the ascent of the Alleghany Mountains, which is one of the greatest feats of rail-road engineering I had ever seen. Our train was taken up these steep grades by two locomotives which we could ever and anon see as they rounded the short curves, panting and screaming as they rushed with but slightly diminished speed up these great barriers of nature. It was a sight to see, as in the freshness of that beautiful morning our train would, like some monstrous fiery serpent, wind around the mountain tops. Some of the curves are extremely short, and nothing could be more picturesque than the beautiful vistas continually opening to our view. I believe we are always exhilarated and feel a new life within us on the mountain summit.

The descent did not interest us so much, the road being nearly straight and less picturesque. We arrived in Pittsburgh in time to take the cars of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Road to Crestline, where we changed and took the Little Miami and Xenia Rail-road from Columbus to Cincinnati, where we arrived about seven A.M.

I cannot give any proper description of the celebration in Cincinnati. I arrived completely exhausted by passing two sleepless nights in the cars. The day was beautiful, the city was adorned with flags through all the principal streets, the stores nearly all closed, and it seemed as if the citizens one and all gave themselves up to the entertainment of the throng who had not, nor could obtain any accommodation. The hotels were already overflowing, and I was happy in receiving an invitation to pass the night with Mr. G. L. DEMAREST, of the firm of H. W. DERBY & Co., who made me far more comfortable than I could have been at any hotel.

The Queen City has improved much since I saw it four years ago. Many elegant

stores have been erected, and the city much extended. The procession and display of the Cincinnati firemen, with their steam-engines, was one of the principal demonstrations of the day. The Cincinnati fire department has no equal in this country. They are paid by the city, and have a superintendent who maintains perfect order at a fire, and with their steam-engines they never in any ordinary circumstances allow a fire to spread from where it originated. This system is already felt in the reduction of insurance, as well as the greater security it gives to all.

General CASS made an eloquent and appropriate address from the front of the BURNETT House, which I am sorry to say could not be heard by one in twenty who thronged to see and hear the venerable statesman, who, like JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, seems determined to die with the harness on. All honor to the few that are left of the associates of JACKSON, ADAMS, CALHOUN, CLAY, WEBSTER, and others who served their country so long and so well. There were several other speeches in the afternoon and evening, which I was sorry not to have heard.

The morning of the fifth was cloudy and gave promise of a rainy day, which was abundantly fulfilled. The first train left at six A.M., and consisted of eleven passenger cars. The Ohio and Mississippi Rail-road has the broad gauge, and the cars are fine and roomy like those on the New-York and Erie. Soon after leaving Cincinnati, CHARLES GOULD, Esq., with the conductor, passed through the cars to see that all had excursion-tickets, the cars for this day being devoted solely to those invited. Mr. GOULD had taken great interest in this great excursion, and I was truly sorry when I learned at Vincennes that he was obliged to return to Cincinnati on account of illness. I had seen Mr. GOULD at the BURNETT House, where as soon as he made his appearance in the large hall, he was surrounded by a crowd of anxious inquirers, to whom he replied with that urbanity and politeness which are his distinguishing characteristics.

The first point of interest, after leaving Cincinnati, is North-Bend, the well-known residence of General HARRISON's family. We soon pass Lawrenceburgh and Aurora, and then the villages seem mostly new until we reach Vincennes, where we arrived about three P.M., and found an elegant dinner set, to which the tired, cold, and hungry guests did ample justice. It may be some were neither cold nor hungry, for I observed a great many bottles of Longworth's wine, with eatables to match, carried into the rear cars. I did not know that the practice of carrying concealed weapons was so prevalent as I found it to be on this journey. I noticed a great many young men, and some older, frequently draw their pistols and fire into themselves and one another with a celerity and directness truly wonderful. I even saw some ladies engage in the sport.

Immediately after crossing the Wabash, we enter on the great prairies of Illinois, which extend entirely across the State. These vast plains on which in many places no tree or hill rises to obstruct the view, remind you of the ocean in its boundless magnificence, and you fancy yourself at sea. In many places there are islands of woods, and then you come to extensive groves which line the water-courses. Timber is so valuable, that many of these beautiful forests are fast disappearing.

The Ohio and Mississippi passes through a section of country almost entirely new, and the sun in all its course does not shine on a richer soil. There is no country more favorable for the construction of rail-roads, nor where they are more needed, for during the rainy season the roads across the prairies are almost impassable. The time between Cincinnati and St. Louis is now about sixteen hours, the distance three hundred and forty miles. As soon as the track has time to settle and the road is put in proper order, the running time will not exceed twelve hours, and may safely be done in less.

We did not reach the Father of Waters till near twelve o'clock P.M. The last part of our route was through illuminated villages, and hundreds of torches blazed in the night air as we neared the shore. Late as it was, the Mayor of St. Louis, with a committee of the citizens, were there to receive and to welcome us to the Mound City. An address was delivered by Mayor WEIMAR, which was responded to by Mayor PILCHER, of Louisville, Ky. As the city was full of strangers, the thoughtful committee had provided four fine steamers from St. Louis, where the guests should pass the night. On each of the boats a fine supper was prepared, after which we were all comfortably provided with berths.

I have a kind of filial reverence for the Mississippi. I lived on its banks and drank of its water four years. I have been borne in safety on its bosom thousands and thousands of miles from the mouth to Davenport in Iowa, surrounded by happy, smiling friends, some of whom still remain, and others are not. It was therefore with emotions of saddened pleasure that I stepped on board the elegant steamer *Illinois*, my hotel for the night.

The next morning after breakfast, the boats got under way, the *Baltimore* and *Reindeer* being lashed together, taking the lead, and the *Die Vernon* and *Illinois* following. In the clear light of that beautiful June morning, they sailed slowly up the turbid waves of the Mississippi, and from our decks we had a fine view of the city and the hundreds of steamers at the wharves. We sailed about five miles above the centre of the city, and then ran down about as far below with a slow motion, giving us a full view of the city. Returning, they came to at the wharf where the military and thousands of citizens welcomed us amid the firing of cannon, ringing of bells, and every demonstration of joy.

While the procession was forming to proceed to the Fair grounds, a few miles from the city, I walked up to Fourth street, and when I reached that thoroughfare, I felt as if I was in New-York. In no other city had I ever seen such a crowd. For a while it seemed as if my progress was entirely checked, but by determined effort I reached my destination, deposited my baggage, and mounting on the top of an omnibus, was one of the party. The streets through which our long procession passed were densely thronged with people of all classes and conditions. From many a stately mansion the glittering eyes of youth and beauty smiled, perhaps a little mischievously, as she gracefully waved her handkerchief to the passing crowd. Surely no one ever saw St. Louis under a more favorable aspect than we did. If the President and all his cabinet had been with us, they could not have had a more cordial reception.

The Fair grounds embrace about fifty acres, in which is a beautiful grove of forest trees, and an amphitheatre three hundred feet in diameter, in which are erected seats to accommodate sixteen thousand people. It was built last year for the State Fair, and made ornamental and permanent. No other city in the Union could accommodate such an audience so comfortably and so well. Here we found a bountiful feast with all the varieties of the season spread, and after an eloquent speech by the Hon. EDWARD BATES, of St. Louis, the whole party sat down to dinner. I have no time to speak of the toasts and speeches after the repast or even to give the names of many distinguished persons present. Every thing passed off pleasantly, and by six p.m. all had gone to their homes. I found Mr. E. K. WOODWARD, who seeing I was unprovided for, kindly invited me to his house, where he soon made me entirely at home.

I might say a great deal of the hospitality of the citizens of St. Louis, never so taxed before. All the arrangements seemed to be perfect, and those who passed that gala day there will not soon forget it. I would gladly speak of many of the institutions of learning, the public buildings, dwellings, beautiful drives, etc. But the limits of this sketch are already exceeded, and I must only add, that on Monday morning I took the cars of the *Terre Haute*, *Alton*, and *St. Louis* road, which, under the direction of President CRAFT, has been very successful. I went over the beautiful prairies till I reached Mattoon, and there taking the cars of the *Illinois Central*, reached Chicago at ten p.m. After spending a day in this *fast* and changing city of the lakes, I came over the *Michigan Central* to Detroit, through Canada by the *Great Western*, to Buffalo, and then over the *New-York Central* and *Hudson River* Roads to New-York.

The country through which I passed in Illinois is mostly new. For miles and miles along these rail-roads, lies a soil as rich as any in the world, in which the plough has never entered. One cannot but think of the great future awaiting the Garden State, when these lands shall be the happy abodes of millions yet unborn, highly cultivated, and adorned with fruit trees and flowers of every variety. And still the rush is for the West, where the lands are no better, and the access to market not to be compared with Illinois. But the discussion of this matter would be more appropriate elsewhere.

Yours, very truly,

S. HUESTON.



R. Soper. sc.

*Yours cordially,
John G. Faxe*

